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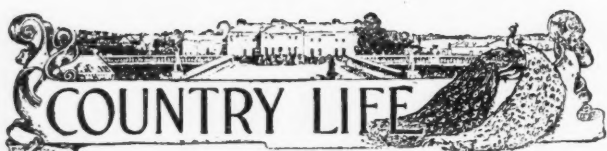
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COLLINGS.

MRS. LEVINGE.

16 North Audley Street, W.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE COTTAGE . . . QUESTION ONCE MORE

AT the conference held at Letchworth last Saturday, there was heard for the first time some serious criticism of the plans for rural housing that have been put forward. It is an extremely easy matter for people to express a conventional feeling of charm at the appearance of cottages, and to say that certain neat tenements are all that is required for those who are destined to inhabit them. But we doubt very much whether any of the very small percentage of those who took part in this discussion really understand the requirements. The majority have lived all their lives in houses with a very high standard of comfort, if not of luxury, and it is impossible for them to comprehend the feelings of those who have barely adequate house-room. Moreover, they have been attended by servants, and even if there is but one servant in a house it makes a great deal of difference. The fundamental fact in regard to a labourer's cottage is that the work in it has to be done by a single woman, who for a great part of her life, at any rate—that is to say, until her girls, if she have any, grow up—will have to be her own chambermaid, housemaid, cook, and a good deal else. This is one reason why labourers' wives, as a rule, detest houses with stairs in them. The running up and down and carrying things up and down involved is a labour to legs and arms tired by the ordinary work. Some of the houses at Letchworth that are most attractive in appearance have been built without even a rudimentary notion of this fact. Not only have they stairs, but the stairs are so constructed that it would be laborious and difficult to carry things up or down them. If the builder or architect were to fancy himself a woman in attendance upon a sick person in one of the bedrooms, while at the same time he had to do the ordinary work down below—cook, wash, bake, scrub, and all the rest of it—he would see at once that the arrangement is a most inconvenient one. The ideal labourer's house would be on a single floor.

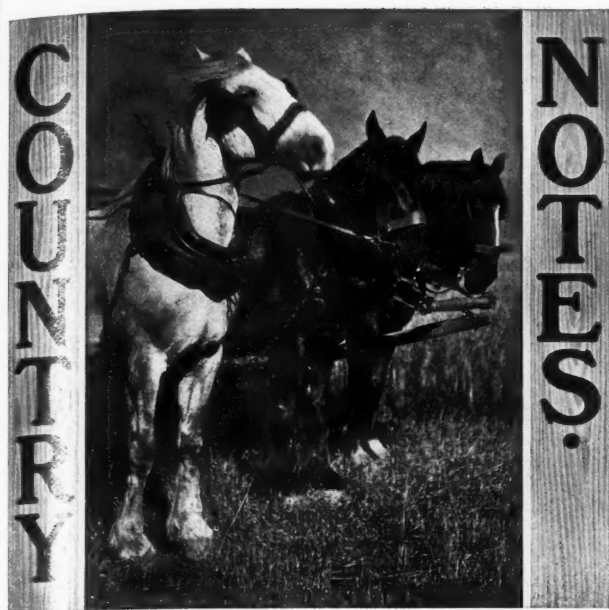
One of the speakers, Miss Constance Cochrane, pointed out on Saturday that the houses exhibited were more suitable for the week-end tenant than for the labourer. That was to pass upon them the severest condemnation. We have no quarrel with the week-end, but, on the contrary, consider the growing habit among our hard-worked middle classes of hiring or purchasing a cottage in which to spend a day or days at the end of the week, is one of the most salutary fashions that was

ever set, since it sends the worker back to town refreshed and invigorated, and better able to cope with the work of the ensuing week. Anything that would encourage or facilitate this deserves the most cordial support. But the building of week-end dwellings and the construction of cottages for labourers as appendages to an estate are two problems which in the matter of solution have very little in common. The labouring classes of the town cannot afford week-end cottages; the rents they have to pay are already out of proportion to their income. Those who do take week-ends belong, therefore, to classes which can afford to hire help to assist in the household work. In the labourer's cottage, then, we want, in the first place, to see more simplicity of construction than has found expression in any cottage now on show at Letchworth. In the second place, it has to be remembered that these cottages will not be taken as much care of as they would be were they let to a superior class. It is no reflection upon the working-man to say that his family is for the most part somewhat rougher than those of, say, the small clerks, who are just a step further up in the social scale. The children, as a rule, are strong and robust, and full of animal spirits. They have not received from their elders the tradition that is, perhaps, too painfully evident in the middle classes, of taking care of furniture. If we took the ordinary clerk as an example, we would find that in nine cases out of ten his children are impressed from infancy with the duty that lies upon them to preserve and take care of all the various articles in the house. Generations of gentility which it was hard to maintain are the origin of this custom. Thus, a house that would serve a clerk for a lifetime will often fail to last a labourer more than a few years. Therefore the cottage which is meant for a working-man and his family ought not only to be simply designed, but also strongly built, with walls, floors, and ceilings that have been specially constructed to withstand rough usage; and in this direction it must have struck practical minds that the cheap cottages are somewhat lacking.

It is extremely difficult for anyone to say from a casual glance at a house how long it will endure. To answer the question accurately it would be necessary to see the building after it had been inhabited for one or two winters, and been subjected to the average treatment. Anyone who wants a lesson on this point could scarcely do better than visit some of the London suburbs, where houses, most charming in outside appearance, and pleasant and comfortable as far as the eye can guess when the first tenant goes into them, show a very different aspect when visited after the two or three years that such tenancy generally lasts. It seems a short time in the history of a house, yet builders, at all events, will not dispute our statement that it is sufficient to bring something closely approaching to ruin upon them. Thus a certain distrust of the charming exterior is, to say the least, justifiable. Those who desire further enlightenment upon the question, that at first sight looks so easy and is at heart so difficult, cannot do better than turn to the very practical article contributed by Sir William Grantham to another part of this paper. The writer has had a wider experience than most in the construction of houses, and has gone into the matter with a whole-hearted desire to benefit his poorer neighbours, with the result that he has encountered the difficulties that beset the landlord who wishes to build cottages, and understands how to construct them. His evident disappointment with the exhibition of cheap cottages is, therefore, a fact of some importance, and his remarks on the price of them have special point. Many of them are called £150 cottages, when in reality they are nothing of the kind. Even the speakers at the conference had to admit as much as that. Alderman Thompson pointed out that the cost did not include builders' profits or architects' fees. He said that in some cases it did not include the bath, in others the fences were excluded, and it did not cover the cost of carriage of materials not locally obtained. There are, in fact, certain very elastic items of expenditure which do not come into the nominal £150 for which the house can be built. We do not say that in any respect the estimates are wrong or unjust, but they are certainly vague in their character, and the landowner who was led by newspaper reports into thinking that he could supply his labourers with cottages at £150 apiece, would probably be very much disillusioned when he came to pay the bill of the men who have put up these cottages for exhibition. This, we think, is a great mistake. To state the problem in its simplest terms, and to present it frankly and truly to those who visited the exhibition, should have been the first care of the association, and the recorded cost of the cottages should have been inclusive of every probable and reasonable charge.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Mrs. Levinge. Mrs. Levinge was a daughter of the late Captain Angus Fagan, 12th Lancers, M.P. for Carlisle for six years from 1889, and she married, on August 31st, Brevet-Major Levinge, Norfolk Regiment, the eldest son of the late Mr. H. Corbyn Levinge.



THE question whether we are on the eve of a period of intense commercial activity is one of importance to every citizen, and if any inference may be drawn from the movement of iron the answer would seem to be in the affirmative. The manufacture of iron and steel is, it must be remembered, one of our most important industries, and on it depends to a large extent the prosperity of the whole mining population. The Middlesbrough correspondent of *The Times* describes clearly what he calls the boom. He says that, while the actual quantity bought on American account has not transpired, an order of 30,000 tons, which has been placed at 58s. to 60s. per ton, represents less than one-third of the quantity booked. As the demand from the Continent does not seem to fall very short of that from America, the activity of our East Coast factories would appear to be assured for some time to come. Without being unduly sanguine, it may be said, also, that the prospect of a general improvement of trade is much better than it has been for some time past, and there are many grounds for hoping that the forecast will prove a true one. Only the other day the wives and other women who are dependent on the workers in the East End held a meeting, at which it was resolved to petition for the calling together of Parliament in order that work should be provided for the unemployed. The project may not be a very practical one, but it speaks in no uncertain tone of the misery of those who live on the fringe of our civilisation.

So much has been heard recently about the children of the very poor that one might be pardoned for thinking that the majority of people were of the opinion that our whole educational system was made for them; but the report on Infant Teaching just issued by Mr. Cyril Jackson, of the Board of Education, applies much more widely—in fact, it dissipates several superstitions which have collected round the teaching of children. Mr. Jackson says, in language there is no mistaking, "There is complete unanimity that children between the ages of three and five get practically no intellectual advantage from school instruction." To many of us it sounds more of a truism than of a revelation. It stands to reason that if a child's physical constitution is to be strengthened it should be left to run wild for the early years of its life, and there are educationists who think seven by no means too late an age at which to send a child to school, while experience has shown that precocity is often followed by dulness in later life. In the poorest districts no doubt babies of three to five years old are better at school than at their homes, simply because their homes are not fit for children to live in. But even here, if it be permissible to send the children to school, we ought to call the place not a school, but a nursery.

Mr. Jackson says that, since no intellectual result is obtained by sending these very young children to school, where the homes are good the parents should be forbidden to send them; and here, again, he deserves unreserved support. The old pretext of amusing children by kindergarten methods is a very idle one. In Germany, the true home of the kindergarten system, it has been found that the tasks set under this system are most injurious to the physical constitution of the child, especially to its eyes, and there are many men of science who attribute the increased use of spectacles among the young to the injurious effects of mistaken kindergarten teaching. We do not say that it is invariably bad, but that any instruction which

involves the undue straining of young eyes is pernicious, and ought to be abolished altogether in the schools. Possibly Mr. Jackson would not go quite so far as that, but we are very thankful that his report has been issued. Its downright common-sense has just the effect produced when a blast of fresh air is admitted into a room where the atmosphere has been allowed to become too close.

A SONG IN DRY WEATHER.

"*Nous sommes tous les enfants du soleil.*"

—EMILE DUCLAUX.

O Sun, O father of rivers
That drawest the dew from the plain!
King of generous givers
Grant us thy bounty, the rain.
Thou fillest to fatness the fountains
Of solar freshet and firth,
But the thyme is parched on the mountains
And sere are the forests of Earth!
A chasm is wide in the claylands,
As though the plain had quaked;
Meagre and shrivell'd the haylands
That never a shower hath slaked;
There swells no grain for our eating;
For the cattle, no sap in the stalk;
And the downs, where the flocks are bleating,
Show white the bones of the chalk.
The dust lies thick on the blossom,
And changes the beauty we knew . . .
Thou world, how dry is thy bosom,
Bereft of thy milk, the dew!
Man, like an infant ill-nourished,
Whose fountain is dried by a curse,
Hungers and flags where he flourished,
And dies at the breast of the nurse!
O source of Life, and Destroyer,
Thou Sun from whom we spring,
Turn to thine Earth, enjoy her,
Make her to smile and sing.
Father and fountain of rivers,
Pity the drouth of the plain,
Look where it smokes and quivers,
And send, O send, the rain!

MARY DUCLAUX.

Few people have left this world with a better record behind them than that of the late Dr. Barnardo. If the consciousness of having performed good works could give peace to a dying man, the knowledge that he had rescued over 60,000 children, of whom nearly 17,000 have been provided with suitable homes and work in Canada, may well have sweetened his last moments. Dr. Barnardo was not only a philanthropist, but one who was possessed of a thoroughly sound and business intellect. He had the fullest grasp of the conditions under which his boys would have to work in Canada, and adjusted his training to them so admirably that "Dr. Barnardo's boys" were in keen demand by the experienced farmers; so much so that often ten employers would apply for each individual sent out. Profound as is the grief in this country over his too-early demise, it is not more profound than in the Dominion of Canada. He was only sixty-one at his death, but his years were full of good work.

The weather of the past week has produced a remarkable change in the landscape of the Southern Counties. September, according to the calendar, is the first of the autumn months, but though the harvest was early this year, summer seemed to linger long after the stubbles became bare. Up to the middle of the present month the foliage of the trees showed an unbroken green, and the showy summer flowers were blowing in all their glory. But a few nights of frost have effected a complete transformation. The trees are now decked in garments of the colour popularly ascribed to Indian princes, and a sudden definition has been given to the fruits of autumn. Frost has brightened the scarlet of the hips and given a ruddier hue to the haws; it has set the hazel nuts in a framework of russet brown, and shown the blackberry in all its profusion. Already, too, the thinning that winter brings is beginning to be felt, and places that have been shut off by a wall of greenery for months now present openings to the landscape that did not exist before. If the birds are good weather prophets, as they have always been supposed to be, it would seem that a sharp winter is coming, for at night one may

hear the wild geese as they fly southward, and many other migrants that nest in the North have been seen on their way to more temperate climates. Still, there is nothing less satisfactory than prophesying about the weather in Great Britain. We can note what actually occurs, but it is impossible to tell what a day may bring forth.

One of the most melancholy results of the war is reported from Russia, which, until the struggle of the last eighteen months broke out, was one of the greatest exporters of grain in the world. During the fight with Japan, however, much of the rolling-stock of the railways was sent to Manchuria, with the result that too little was left on the home lines. It is stated by an Odessa correspondent that in consequence of this there are about 500,000 tons of grain lying at the country railway depôts in Southern and South-western Russia awaiting transport from the various ports on the Black Sea. Much of the grain is spoiling and rotting under the action of the weather, as only a small proportion can be kept under cover or in sacks. According to an old proverb, it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, and on the latest reports, the Canadian harvest this year, both as regards quality and quantity, is by far the best on record, and the farmers of the Dominion will be able to send so much grain to Europe that, so far from the shortage in the Russian supply being felt, prices are already beginning to fall, and may possibly drop much lower.

Much pleasing and entertaining knowledge is gathered by the statistician for the benefit of his fellow-men, and one of the latest of the investigations carried out by the Bureau of Statistics at Washington might lead to endless rumination. The men of figures have been collecting the facts relating to the smoking of tobacco, and have tabulated the consumption of the chief countries of the world. It might be expected that the Dutchman would head the list. He smokes on an average over 6lb. of tobacco per annum, which is better than the Yankee, who makes a good second with only a few ounces short; and, as might also be expected, the German comes third. The United Kingdom is a long way down the list, with only Mexico and Russia below it. The statistics, we are told, take no account of the quality of the tobacco smoked. A British working-man smokes probably as long as the working-man of any other country in the world, but then his favourite tobacco is a strong twist or Irish roll whose merits are poignancy of flavour and endurance. We can well imagine that those who live in sunnier climates might consume a much greater quantity of milder tobacco and keep further away from excess.

Lovers of horses, and of race-horses in particular, will be glad to know that the Prince of Wales's recent gift of a model of Persimmon to the Natural History Museum has just been supplemented by a beautiful model in bronze of Zinfandel, the son of Persimmon, the gift of Lord Howard de Walden. Zinfandel, a chestnut stallion, won the Ascot Gold Vase, the Manchester Cup, and the Brighton Cup in 1903, and the Jockey Club Cup at the Newmarket Houghton Meeting in 1904. The exhibition of these miniatures of thorough-bred animals—of horses, dogs, and cattle—is one of the many innovations of Professor Ray Lankester during his reign at the British Museum. His aim is to establish a permanent record of the present-day standards of perfection, for comparison with those of the past and of the future, and thereby he is rendering students of evolution no small service. The value of the collection is all the greater since nowhere else in this country can a similar series be studied. Wherever possible, the animal itself is shown, carefully modelled so as to bring out all the characteristic points.

The Rev. Canon Lyttelton, better known as "Edward" Lyttelton, in assuming the duties of head-master at the greatest of our public schools, has a great opportunity before him. He goes there at what is, avowedly, the psychological moment. There are directions in which it is generally admitted that some reforms are desirable, and Mr. Lyttelton goes as head-master to the school in which he was educated with the reputation of being one who does not fear the responsibility of the reformer and possesses the full courage of opinions which are not in all respects those of the general public. For this reason much is hoped, while something also is feared, from his appointment. But he goes to his new post with manifest advantages. Not only is he himself a scholar of Eton, but he is also a member of a large family of brothers of whom all have been prominent both in the game-playing and in the scholarship of the school. Some of the brothers hold positions of, perhaps, even larger responsibility. Mr. Alfred Lyttelton is Secretary for the Colonies, and General Neville Lyttelton is in a very high post in the control of military affairs. For all these reasons he comes with great weight of authority to his duties—duties in which, though novel in a sense, he has acquired a thorough training through his period of head-mastership at Haileybury. His discharge of the functions of his new office will be watched

with great and sympathetic interest by Old Etonians especially, and by many more whose relation to the school is not so close.

Anything like an "upset" at Eton would be felt as keenly by the public as would evidences of discontent in the Channel Fleet. Happily there seems no prospect of any changes in the general aims and activities which fill in the very busy Eton day, for it is a very full day, both for boys and masters. Canon Lyttelton has made a beginning of reassurances by announcing that in the important items of breakfast and dinner his own predilections for a vegetable diet will not affect the normal beef and mutton, and that the cranks who wanted to put down the Eton boagles had no influence with him. His own success, like that of all his family, in the playing fields when a boy at school, and an undergraduate at Cambridge, ensures his being in thorough sympathy with the games. But at Eton, perhaps more than in any other school, there are currents of thoughts and ideas among a certain percentage of boys of which a head-master must necessarily be cognisant, and which demand his thought and encouragement, even if not too obviously shown.

A large number of the boys are drawn from families the sons of which, by position and inheritance, can scarcely avoid coming into public life. In their homes and during their holidays they associate with men who hold positions of power and influence, or are famous for attainments of an unusual kind. These boys are inevitably older in mind, and more generally educated, in the wider sense, than others who have not the same advantages, and are ready to take an active interest and a "side" in questions which ordinarily make an appeal rather later in life. The environment in such cases is enormously important; and so far, while there has been plenty of free play allowed to individuality, the whole Eton training has been to discourage the "crank," or the atmosphere which produces him. The average Eton master is a walking example of sound sense—Dr. Warre was its epitome—and it is this which makes Eton the solid factor which it is in the after life of the boys who go there. Probably it is to this also that the high degree of public confidence in Eton is due. But the public in general scarcely does justice to two other points. One is the high average of actual work, done under a unique system of supervision in "pupil room," got through by the average boy; the other the iron discipline which insists on essentials in the matters of order and obedience, and is never relaxed in any circumstances.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

(From the German of Wilhelm Hauff.)

The latest rose of summer I did spy,
Deep, deep her blush, meseemed she could have bled,
I shuddered as I marked her, passing by:
So ripe a life is nigh to death, I said.
No faintest breath disturbed the sultry day,
When a white butterfly, with winged stroke,
So light, the still air moved not to its play,
Touched her—she felt it, and in ruin broke.

T. HERBERT WARREN.

The stoppage of *Longman's Magazine* is an event of more than uncommon importance if it points, as the editor seems to think, to an unworthy change in the taste of the British public. His apology is that readers have become so much accustomed to pictures that the unillustrated magazine has little chance against those which are illustrated. Probably there is something in the contention, although one is not inclined to accept it without reservation. *Longman's Magazine* has, since it commenced some twenty-three years ago, been extremely well conducted, although, in our opinion, the first three years of its existence were the most brilliant. Side by side with it are several magazines, which, without pictures, seem to hold their own fairly well, such, for instance, as the *Cornhill*, *Macmillan's*, and *Blackwood's Magazines*.

A curious modern instance of the often-illustrated danger of interfering with the course of Nature is provided by the island of Nevis, one of the Leeward group, which is suffering from a plague of mongooses. The mongooses were imported in order to assist in clearing off a plague of rats, by which the island was visited before their importation. The mongooses have done their work well in this respect, the rat plague being reduced to inconsiderable dimensions; but the ultimate effect is that some of the almost equally serious insect plagues of the island are very much worse than they were. The connection between the two facts is not obvious. The link is supplied by the insectivorous birds. The mongooses having virtually cleared off the rats, had to take to birds as the next course, with the result that they

have so seriously reduced the numbers of these that the insects on which the birds used to prey have increased to a degree that was unknown before the mongoose was introduced. Nature is constantly giving us these object-lessons against interfering with her arrangements, warning us that we do not know what the ultimate result of our interference will be.

It is very evident from the prices charged for blackberries in the market that there is an increasing public appreciation of them. Blackberries in tarts and blackberries in jam are better liked for these respective uses than any other kind of fruit by a great many rich people who have opportunities of tasting all the fruits of the earth both in and out of season. It is very curious

and rather annoying to see how little use, comparatively, the poor make of the wild fruits of the earth which are to be had for the trouble of picking; but the fact that blackberries begin to command a recognised price shows that they are being appreciated more generally than they were. It is almost certain that there are many other fruits and other products of which Britons altogether fail to recognise the use for food—things which are, none the less, pleasant and good to eat. Young nettle tops, boiled, are said to make an edible vegetable very much like spinach. The Japanese eat, similarly, the young shoots and tops of bracken. The beech-mast, which we used to appreciate as boys, ought to be capable of treatment by the cook in a way to make it acceptable to grown men. The possibilities are endless.

MR. WILLIAM ARKWRIGHT'S POINTERS.



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

THE PICK OF THE KENNEL.

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NOT long ago, Mr. William Arkwright of Sutton Scarsdale published one of the finest works dealing with sport that has lately appeared from the press. It was entitled "The Pointer and His Predecessors," and dealt with the origin and history of these dogs from their earliest use in Spain until the present day. It was beautifully illustrated with photogravures, showing the developments of this breed from one of an early painting by Bassano of a dog pointing a brace of partridges in the Garden of Eden, to the latest triumphs of breeding for successful and satisfactory use in the field. The book contains copious extracts from famous Spanish, Italian, Flemish, and French works on the pointer. But it is itself a classic, and will probably remain so for all time.

What lends especial interest to the writer's work is that, as he says, he was almost brought up among pointers, having succeeded to the possession of a famous kennel when he was only a few weeks old. But he has also

taken an entirely independent and, as it seems to most sportsmen, an absolutely correct line in what he has done since he made them his particular study in sport. Having concluded from personal experience what it is that is required for the actual enjoyment and utility of these dogs' work in the field, he has made it his aim to breed them for the sole purpose of work upon the moors. "Sole purpose" almost suggests limitations, but the facts are just the contrary, if we think what

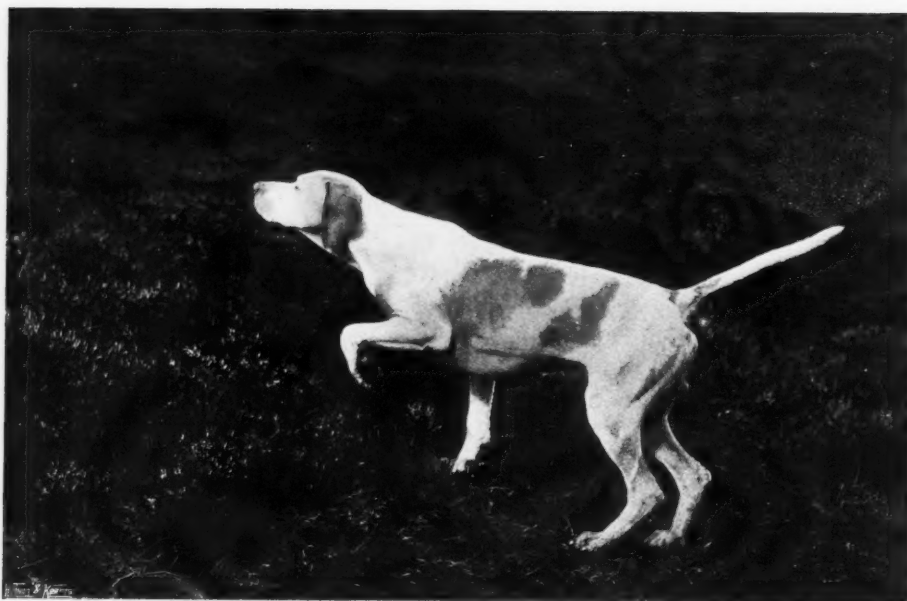
are the qualities of mind, as well as of body, which make perfect grouse dogs. In no sport are there so many demands made on canine brains, or on the pluck and spirit of dogs, as in long days on the moors. Thorough-bred beauty of form is indispensable; there must be no coarseness, and, above all, no evidence of that pernicious element—the foxhound cross—introduced to give bone and size, which ought to be obtained by other means, at the expense of docility and pointer instinct. The skull must be large to hold the requisite amount of brain. The



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MR. ARKWRIGHT AND SEALING WAX.

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SEALING WAX.

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SEA URCHIN.

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dogs must be large, too, "dish faced," close coated, clean boned, and straight tailed. The "nose" must be perfect, which is inherited in the blood; but there must be sense to judge of the indications as to the birds' whereabouts which the nose gives, and there must be in the best dogs a power of almost instantaneous interpretation of these telegraphic messages. Docility, endurance, and speed are all indispensable. To obtain all these advantages Mr. Arkwright has absolutely disregarded colour—a point deemed very important in old and pure kennels, but which was really a piece of very natural pride or fancy on the part of owners—and has bred from the purest old pointer blood. He has collected this diligently from the most distant and remote kennels in which it survived, and the resultant breed is hardly related at all to any of the so-called trial or show strains.

Very few people ever see dogs so trained that, from the time they are sent from their master's heels to quarter the ground, to the moment when they are taken up to be sent home after the day's shooting, they conform to the strictest etiquette of the field, at the same time meeting every emergency and problem which the behaviour of the birds or the changes of the weather can set to canine noses and minds. It is one of the most beautiful sights in animal behaviour. During the whole time the dogs, though their abounding energy makes them resemble highly-charged electric batteries, are keeping themselves in hand mentally, and obeying the minute rules of a careful training and *ménage*, and in addition must have every sense on the alert under this pressure of discipline, and be ready not only to do what their instinct and teaching tell them to do in normal conditions, but to improvise, without transgressing, rules in emergencies. This is further complicated when, as is the case with Mr. Arkwright's dogs, they are trained to work in braces. Here each dog, besides doing his own work of questing and pointing, has to watch the other dog, and, if it points, instantly forego individual work, and "back," *i.e.*, acknowledge, and in a sense report, what the other is doing, under the influence and in respect of the self-denying ordinance on which etiquette insists.

Actual shooting on the moors develops Mr. Arkwright's dogs, and is the test of their efficiency. Men who use "gun-dogs" much know that it is the only test. His moors are chosen in the district where grouse lie longest to dogs—the far north of Caithness. That is where they are photographed in the pictures here shown. The moors are formed by the estates of Mey and Freswick. They are in a ring fence, and are on the Pentland Firth directly facing the Orkneys. The sea, in fact, bounds two sides of the ground, which is flat, and is well suited to the work of braces of pointers. It will be seen that the ideal which Mr. Arkwright sets before himself is a very high one, and more in sympathy with the views of some of the most finished sportsmen of the Continent than with the generality of his fellow-countrymen, who regard field trials as the criterion of what a pointer should be and do. He desires to shoot over beautiful dogs which have also beautiful style—that indefinable grace in work and carriage so hard to describe by any other word. Mortality from distemper has caused

faced," straight perfect, d; but the indi- eabou must be most in- ese tele- urance, le. To r. Ark- eg arded portant which al pride and has y from nels resultant y of s. Dogs so ey are quarter n: they ter the to the at the agency our oi eather mids. ights whole unding ighly- eeping , and careful ddition e alert e, and em to impro- les in ompli- h Mr. ned to esides g and r dog, forego ' i.e., report, er the self- quette moors and is n who t it is sen in est to That n the rs are y and ence, irectly a fact, which work e seen ight one, ewes arts- n the en, on He gs at ge ard. ed

some severe losses for two years; but he hopes that in four or five years he will have made still further progress along the lines he has chosen.

It is natural that an owner who knows so much of his subject should be dissatisfied on some points in which others see less to criticise. He says, for instance, "Field trials are to me only subsidiary pastimes, and, indeed, I hold stakes for single dogs somewhat in contempt, as fine quartering, which to me is a *sine qua non*, is generally prejudicial to success in them, from the tendency to estimate a dog's performance by the mere number of points which he makes. I do not suppose that I should ever run a dog in public again, were it not for the indirect good which it does one's establishment. I hardly ever exhibit my dogs now at a Dog Show, because show dogs are every day straying further and further from working lines, being judged, for the most part, by persons without practical experience. A straw will show which way the wind is blowing. The Kennel Club refused the other day to consider my recommendation, that in all breeds of gun-dogs the title of 'Champion' be withheld until the aspirants have at least a certificate of



C. Reid.

DIARMID POINTING A RESTLESS BROOD.

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forward to investigate the strangers who are scrutinising her so closely. There are more brood mares and foals to see at Crotanstown. On our way



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B.

READY FOR WORK.

Copyright.

merit for actual work in the field. Without this we are quite liable to have to see champion pointers which will not point, and champion retrievers which will not retrieve."

YEARLING FILLIES & BROOD MARES.

OWING to pressure of space the following details of the Browns-town Stud were omitted in our issue of last week. They cannot fail to be of interest to breeders, and we therefore complete the account of a famous stud by giving them now. The first of the fillies to catch the eye is a great raking chestnut-coloured youngster by Gallinule. She certainly is very racing-like all over, and is very blood-like in appearance. There is also something very taking about the smaller bay filly by the same sire out of Splendid, by Sheen out of Ornament, the dam of Sceptre, and of that rising stallion Collar. It is a pity that she is not a trifle bigger, but she is all quality and class, and has, moreover, the game, keen look of one who will not flinch, however stern the struggle may be. Close to her is a useful stamp of filly by Wildfowler out of La Joie; and a compact daughter of Perigord and Arletta shows some of the curiosity of her sex as she comes

the brown colt foal by Wildfowler out of The Message, who is herself a beautiful mare of great class. There are "possibilities" in the chestnut colt foal



C. Reid, Wishaw, N.E.

LITANY.

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who is following that good bay mare Galingale, and just as we turn to leave these paddocks a beautiful dark chestnut mare, with a filly foal of the same colour, comes trotting from behind a shed, as though she were determined to show herself and her daughter to the intruders. The mare is Water Lily, and to her daughter by Gallinule she has transmitted much of her own symmetry and blood-like appearance. The delay in the publication of the article on the Brownstown Stud, which was written some two months ago, enables me to append some of the prices realised at Doncaster by the yearlings belonging to the stud. Colonel Hall Walker gave 600 guineas for the filly by Gallinule out of Splendid, and Mr. E. Dresden went to a similar price for the colt by Ocean Wave out of Galingale. The fine chestnut filly by Gallinule out of Virginia Earle was knocked down to Mr. Lionel Robinson for 1,800 guineas, Lord Carnarvon purchased the colt by Gallinule out of The Message for 1,550 guineas, and the colt by the same sire out of Water Lily became the property of the Hon. F. Lambton for 1,050 guineas.

T. H. B.

THE MUSIC OF THE WAVES.

"Mid all the chords that vibrate through
Earth's strangely-chequered Dream,
There runs a note whose gentle tone
Is heard aright by him alone,
Who lists with care extreme."

—From the German of FR. SCHLEGEL.

MY bedroom has a large oriel window facing the West, and from it I can see, over a stretch of sand-dunes and beyond a strip of brown shore, the long curve of the ocean lying like a mighty scimitar—sometimes steel-grey beneath leaden skies, at others flashing silvery in the sunlight. Away out there, forever it ebbs and flows, ebbs and flows; sometimes a wild wilderness of waters, tumbling and tossing, casting aloft clouds of white spray



C. Reid. MR. ARKWRIGHT'S POINTERS: THE LUNCHEON HOUR. Copyright.

to be swept phantom-like before the blast, sometimes seeming to sleep, its bosom heaving rhythmically, and as lightly as that of a slumbering child.

And the sound of the waves floats through the open window, now in long-drawn sighs, as the distant wavelets break on the strand, now with a mighty rushing sound as of a distant torrent. At night, as I lie in bed, I can see, while my head is upon the pillow, the dim expanse of the waters, and the golden gleam of a revolving light that marks the fairway of the Channel, and I watch the sparkling eye and gaze out over the shadowy expanse until sleep closes my eyes, and I float away upon the ocean of dreams. The sea seems to me like a mighty sleepless spirit, watching and waiting for something, out there in the darkness. When I awake in the night, the voices of the waves break upon my ears, the pure breath of the ocean is around me, and I am content. I listen and listen to the sounds until sleep again closes my eyes and deafens my ears. After a stormy day, when, towards night, a lull comes, and the air grows still, the rushing of the waters seems to fill the dome of Heaven.

On such a night as this the music of the ocean awakes. It is an old figure of speech, "the music of the waves," and I think most people consider it but a poetic fancy. But I have heard the harpings of the waves, again and again. The sounds are difficult to catch, being so apart from the confused tumult of the waters, but once the ears are attuned the music is unmistakable. Sometimes it seems like the ringing of far-away bells, the sounds rising and falling, at others like the droning of a distant organ. And through it all one deep note is sounded again and again, alternating with its octave above. Not always can the music be heard. There must be a dying commotion of the waters, and stillness. Then, in the silence of the night, the wild melody rises and falls with a weird beauty. Ears must have caught the ghostly strains many a time before, for numerous are the legends of churches luried beneath the waves, whose bells still ring out muffled peals from the deeps, rung by the currents of the ocean. And the sirens, whose

melodious voices rose above the rushing of the breakers, entrancing the ears of mortals, and luring them to destruction—they are myths; but is not their music a reality, and do not sailors in the lonely watches of the night still catch the wild strains, rising and falling, rising and falling, faint and sweet, above the wild clamour of the ocean? WELLESLEY SHATWELL.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SALON.

MODERN appliances have made it so easy to attain a certain amount of success in photography that the amateur is often satisfied with results which are far from being as good as they might be—photographs which owe such measure of success as they may possess almost exclusively to the automatic character which perfected mechanism has given to the camera and its appurtenances. In photography, more than in most things which occupy the intelligent, the practitioner does not seem to appreciate the importance of the personal equation. He not only appoints others to "do the rest," but even in the preliminary pressing of a button he fails to exercise judgment by his reliance on chance and an ingenious machine. To those who practise photography with something like definite purpose, and at least a keen desire to improve their work, it will hardly be necessary to say that an inspection of a number of examples of the best photography of the day will be a more useful lesson than much written instruction, and hence the photographic student is recommended to visit the Photographic Salon which is now open at 5A, Pall Mall East, the gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and will continue daily, and on Wednesday and Saturday evenings, until October 21st.

Yet will the amateur visiting this, the Thirteenth Annual Exhibition of the Photographic Salon, need to readjust many of his ideas in regard to photographic excellence, and, if he would understand many of the 250 carefully-chosen works there shown, hold in less reverence some of those qualities after which he has striven.

It should be remembered that in its earliest days the future of photography was supposed to be along artistic lines, and eminent painters were amongst its first champions. Anon, keen competition in the perfecting of apparatus and materials to be employed led to the extolling of those technical qualities on the facility of obtaining which the manufacturer of appliances relied for the popularity of his wares. Artistic merit or the endeavour to render a personal aspect became overshadowed by a passion for the display of skill and cleverness, so that the acknowledged standard of excellence in the photographic print came to be supreme definition in every part, regardless of whether such sharp focus were in excess of Nature or not; transcendent glossiness of surface, even though such high

po'ish prevented one seeing the picture except at a certain angle to the light; and amongst other such qualities the extremes of black and white must enter into the picture's composition, even though the photograph were intended to represent a grey, hazy day. Thus the photographic print came to be a mere exposition of the degree of perfection attained by opticians, the degree of lubricity of which gelatine is capable, or the reaction of a chemical salt on the sensitive plate; and it was from such tradition that the originators of the Photographic Salon broke away some fourteen years ago, claiming perfect liberty on the part of the photographer to use as much or as little of the means placed at his disposal as he chose, and to use them not to show what can be done with them, but merely to communicate to others his personal impressions of something in Nature in the same spirit as does the painter or draughtsman.

How far the photographer has succeeded in mastering his medium and employing it thus personally will be best judged by an inspection of the pictures themselves, selected as they have been from the best productions of the past year in France, Austria, America, and Great Britain. Remembering the motive with which the works have been inspired, it is not surprising to find a very large proportion produced by means of a process known as gum bichromate, in which, more than in any other, the printer has a power to control the relative lights and shades so far as to be able to suppress or emphasise any particular features. This is seen in two powerful portrait studies by Dr. F. V. Spitzer, the landscapes by Heinrich Kühn—his "Tuer Dene" being one of the most admirable pictures in the exhibition—and also in a large coast scene, "Cauldron Bay," by Charles Moss, the last named, by reason of an unnatural and uncalled-for high light in the clouds, illustrating how this extremely plastic process may very well be an instrument of error as well as of success if, in interfering with the mechanically-formed image, the photographer lacks knowledge of, or is led too far from fidelity to, Nature. "The Village Inn," by Eustace Calland, is an example of another method of control, this evidently being a platinotype print in which development has been restrained and in parts withheld by the use of glycerine. It



A. Keighley.

THE BATH.

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is an exquisite little piece of work, having all the merits of a sketch, yet retaining the essential qualities of a photograph.

Mr. Alex. Keighley again shows sympathetic renderings of Italian landscapes with figures, "A Halt on the March" consisting of a most happily-disposed group of sheep, with mounted shepherds dimly seen through clouds of dust raised by the many tired feet, steep mountain slopes forming the background; but for originality and intrinsic interest the same exhibitor's "The al fresco Bath" and "The Shepherdess" are, perhaps, preferable.

Early sunlight on the filmy mist that wraps the hillsides at morning, and from which in spectral manner rise gaunt stems of plants, is a pretty enough theme to prompt a picture, and such a subject Mr. Charles Job has caught with wonderful suggestiveness what time the sheep ghost-like seek their first meal on the dewy grass. "Morning Mist on the Downs," Mr. Job calls it, whilst hard by his "Low Water, Evening," shows us a marshy place, where from near the zenith to the horizon the declining sun illuminates fantastic cloud forms. A subject in which a wonderful cloud constitutes a very important part of the picture is Archibald Cochrane's "Mont St. Michel" (No. 12). A vast cumulus is rendered with remarkable feeling of roundness, or modelling, as photographers call it. Lobe upon lobe piled up behind the picturesque group of buildings, it seems for the moment to be actually moving towards us, brooding over the spire-surmounted hill. Mr. A. H. Blake has found inspiration in a subject which few would have chosen for a picture, "The Building of Vauxhall Bridge." Amid steel girders and cranes and pontoons laden with the materials for

construction, there is a pearly wreath of smoke and a glitter of light on rippled water; the smoke and the ripples make the picture—all the rest is merely incidental, but forms a setting for a fine effect in a manner which should teach others how beauties worth depicting often lurk in unlikely places, and it is for the eye of the artist to discover them and reveal them to others less discerning. Again, in "The River from Tower Bridge" London's river furnishes a beautiful effect of murky atmosphere and glinting water; the producer, Mr. John H. Anderson, amongst other pictures shows a well-subdued and decorative view of a London park in winter.

There is quite a remarkable group of pictures by several French exponents of gum bichromate, some of these being produced by successive printings in different coloured pigments, whilst, ranging from the most delicate sunny greys to profoundest depths of gloom, the prints by various of the more extreme American pictorialists are certain to attract a good deal of attention.

Messrs. Hollyer, Craig Annan, Craigie, Evans, and others demonstrate by their work to how great an extent the serious portrait photographer can give us in his presentment something of the character of the model. There are a dignity and repose about the best of the English portraiture, which, if it lacks the vivacity of the French or the mystery of the Americans, commands respect and carries conviction. No one interested in photography, whether he be a novice or an expert, could spend an hour at the Photographic Salon without carrying away much that will be of practical use in his own work, besides deriving that æsthetic pleasure which attends the inspection of original artistic work.

A. HORSLEY HINTON.

PICTURES IN PLATITUDE.

IT is an absurd pleasure, perhaps, that I take in the well-worn platitudes of rustic folk; yet it is one that grows upon me, and as it does not stale, may be recommended to others. Compared with cleverer conversation, that of country people has this advantage, that it is so easily accessible. It is common almost as the daylight; unexciting, unromantic as our ordinary English landscape, whose character it seems to resemble. As that is familiar, and endears by its homeliness, so the platitudes of the villager. At first you think them humdrum—dull even; and so they are until you have lived long amongst them, and tasted their charm. The quiet fields with the sky over them, the quiet remark passed by some unpretentious labourer or peasant: they are not picturesque—no; but some day, when one's temper is quiet too, these things come home to the spirit, and one finds that they are what one loves. Or after a period of excitement—a hurried day in town, or the ruffling of one's peace by questions of the hour—then the peaceful landscape exerts its tranquillising influence, the soft country air refreshes, the gentle platitude, uttered in its old-world vernacular recalls one to what is permanently sane. Once particularly during this last summer I was strangely uplifted, by a chance piece of talk of this quality. The day was hot—the reader will remember those hot days of last July—and all the forenoon I had felt harassed by—I don't now very well know what. It may have been something read in the morning paper that disturbed me; it may have been some absurdity of education, discussed at the school management committee; in any case, the world seemed to be a mere hurry of thought, a mere clashing of opinions. With a sensation as of mental house-cleaning, I walked out upon a road rattling with traffic, in an atmosphere oppressive with delaying thunder. Hardly even in the sky was there any peace. Away across the valley to the North-East the distance was turning the colour of slate under a slow-travelling storm that obscured the sky. Then, fitfully for a minute, and soon violently, a gust of wind from the West drove across the road, the air grew alive with flying thistledown that looked like snowflakes, and only far out to westward was the summer sunshine still glowing. An old decrepit road-sweeper stopped work as I approached him, straightened his back, looked up at the weather, and said, "There sims to be a storm comin'." At that moment a carter, standing upright in his empty cart, passed by us. "Somebody got some seedin' lettuce out there, I should think," he said. He pointed to the quarter whence the downy seed was flying, and drove on. "They're gettin' it over there," said the road-man, nodding in the direction of the trailing storm; and suddenly, as I walked on my way, the simple pleasure of these two men spread from them to me. They were not troubled, nor was I any longer, by thought of the inefficiency of our army, or by our educational muddles: they were alive in the English weather, their senses responding to its influence, their speech—so ordinary and so obvious—fitting exactly to the circumstances of their enjoyment, and passing on to me, as a work of art might do, their delight.

By writing of this thundery afternoon I am reminded of the gorgeous days of sunshine which led up to it, and of one or two stereotyped remarks which helped me to feel their splendour. One day in particular stands out from its fellows, owing to its having been in this way fixed in my memory. To make use of another common phrase, there was not a cloud to be seen. The scintillating summer blueness had cast its spell over the country, and of all living things a party of rooks alone, on the far side of a

field, seemed unobservant of it. Or were they animated by some special enchantment which the weather had laid particularly upon them? In a place they seldom visit, high up in the air above the elms of a hedgerow, they were behaving strangely, weaving in and out in fantastic evolutions, by twos and threes towering aloft, then falling fast and again threading devious courses through the sunshine, and all to the sound of odd querulous cries. I pointed them out to a villager, a mild, middle-aged man of old-fashioned temper, who watched them for a second or two, and then said, "They're makin' wicker baskets up there, look." Now, it was to this very performance that I had called his attention, so that his remark—though the similitude was a new one to me—was made in the true spirit of platitude. He said it because he had heard it said before, in his childhood perhaps, by country people long since dead and gone. New to me it might be, but its unmistakable flavour of a folk-saying was not new. A look of satisfaction spread over the mild countryman's face, and a stronger delight in the noonday quivered through me. For truly, the utterance of this thing had linked the man to the other generations who had said it before him, and me also, through him. We were thinking in unison with them; and it was not with our individual pleasure only, but with the complacency of other men in other days, that we watched the rooks and gloried in the sunshine. I do not mean that I thought this at the time, but this is what was happening to me, and to the other man too, unawares. Owing to the platitude, the enjoyment of a whole country-side of people was renewed in us.

I remember that the man went on to say—and it was the inference an old-fashioned man like him was sure to draw from that mysterious behaviour of the rooks—"Ah, we're goin' to get a change o' some sort. There's storm about—if not here, still, somewhere." The tranquil blazing of the sunshine seemed to belie him. For miles the sky was serene; a clanking of goods-waggons shunting on the railway a mile off penetrated the air and emphasised the pervading stillness; nothing but that almost uncanny restlessness of the flock of birds gave the least reason to suppose that there would ever be a change again. Yet the man's quiet voice, saying what I knew before he spoke he would say, was ominous and therefore helpful. The elms stood motionless; down to the dazzling horizon we could see no cloud; if farther off there was change that the rooks knew of, through what depths of sunlit air, and across how many miles—how many counties rather—of blue English landscape was the change vibrating to them? This villager's obvious remark had the effect of stretching the summer day out over a wider panorama in my mind. And this being so, I do not care at all whether the forecast was justified or not by facts: the next morning's paper did, I believe, report a storm in London, forty miles away, on that day; but with that I have nothing to do. What charmed me was the commonplace of the country, perfectly expressive of the feeling that weather so wonderfully poised must be trembling towards a change.

A commoner instance occurred in those same glowing days. The time of day was afternoon—one of those afternoons when the roads between their hedgerows seem half asleep and the sunshine burns indeed. Was anything wanting to complete the full sense of summer? If anything, it was supplied by a perspiring labourer I met, who enquired, "Can ye keep yerself warm, Mr. Bourne?" I felt grateful to him for the familiar question. For when that begins to be asked, then it is really warm: it is summer in the highest. The rustic knows. He

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A QUEER FISH.

H. P. Robinson.

does not call it hot without good reason. He waits while the temperature goes up, until the roads are burning to his feet and his shirt sticks to him, and he is almost overcome by the heat but still rejoices in it; and then he certifies to the accomplishment of summer with this time-honoured jest of his. This man I met was, I am sure, intensely uncomfortable, but "Can you keep yourself warm?" he asked. "Pretty nearly," I answered; "what about yourself?" "It biles out," he panted, indicating the sweat that was "boiling out" of his face. Yet he smiled, and I too. He had confirmed my impression of the summer.

It may be noted that remarks like this contain no egoism, and, therefore, no power of offence. If one man says them, so does another. They are almost impersonal, and express no singularities of temper, but only the attitude of a parish or county. How different were the occasional complaints of the heat one heard! One grumbler, proclaiming too much his individual discomfort, received a chiding answer: "Yes, 'tis hot. But so it ought to be. 'Tis summer, and we looks to have it hot now. If we didn't we should have something to grumble about." The reproof sounded just, for there was egoism in the complaint, as there is not when men ask "Can you keep yourself warm?"

August came, and with it some clouding of the great brilliance of July. The newspapers began to talk of "depressions," using their scientific platitudes to which the imagination may give life, but which scarce touch the heart. Then over the country the talk changed. People were looking at their dried-up gardens, and anxiously watching the drifting clouds which yet brought no rain; and the common formula, "We don't seem to

saw the little runnels forming, noticed how the garden things stood up fresh and strong, and felt again the cool refreshment, as often as some villager or other met me with contented face and uttered his happiness in the set phrase. GEORGE BOURNE.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE MICHAELMAS DAISIES OR STARWORTS.

THE cool autumn days are with us, and the Starworts swinging their slender stems in the bracing wind, and making clouds of beautiful colour. A border is full of them in the writer's garden, some are grouped on the turf, and some are planted among the Rhododendrons, over which they throw their trails of bloom. The coming of so many beautiful hybrids and varieties has given a fresh joy to the autumn months, when the exotics are beginning to weary of their constant flowering, and the rains have helped towards an unpleasant leafy growth. The Asters are chiefly North American, but the wild species are seldom so beautiful as the varieties raised from them. Mr. Beckett, Lord Aldenham's gardener at Elstree, the late Mr. Wolley-Dod, and Mr. Maurice Prichard of Christchurch have sent out many beautiful forms. The great point is not to disturb the natural growth of the plants by bunching the stems into a sheath, and it is for this reason they are seen to better advantage grown in such a way that the stems can receive support. A few are so dwarf that very few twigs will be necessary, but even *Acris* and *Amellus*, two of the earlier ones to flower, sprawl undesirably after heavy rain or wind. The Aster should be to September and October what the Daffodil is to April. It should almost dominate the garden, and be planted with a view to making a rich colour picture. *A. acris* we once saw grouped near Scots Fir, and thought the association a perfect bit of colouring,

the soft blue of the Aster flowers leading the eye to the dark bole and plummy foliage of the tree. This Aster grows about 2ft. in height, and *A. amellus bessarabicus* is the same; but the latter has flowers of a wonderful purple colour, and they are nearly 3in. across. A small selection should include the following: *Cordifolius Diana*, 4ft., soft lilac; *Diffusus horizontalis*, 2½ft., the flowers a warm reddish shade and white; *Ericoides*, like a tall Heath, white; *grandiflorus*, deep purple-violet, November flowering, 3ft.; *Lævis*, varies in height, pale purple and lilac shades, very beautiful, and of its varieties the dark leaved and stemmed *Arcturus*, *Ariadne*, and *Calliope* are the most noteworthy. *Novæ-Angliæ* is the New England Starwort, purple, 6ft.; *pulchellus* is the most beautiful of the varieties. *Novi-Belgi* varies considerably, and the varieties to select are *Archer-Hind*, rosy lilac; *Harpur Crewe*, rosy white; *levigatus*, intense rose; *Purity*, white; *Robert Parker*, which is one of the latest of the Asters, the stems rising to a height of over 6ft.; *Shorti*, 3ft., purple; *Tradescantii*, a crowd of white flowers, 4ft.; and *vimineus*, 2½ft., small white flowers. Asters are very easily grown, and require only ordinary garden ground. When an increase of any particular form is desired, the way to obtain it is by dividing the clumps in spring.

ROSES ON WALLS.

The garden wall can have no more delightful covering than masses of Roses of such varieties as William Allen Richardson, Gloire de Dijon, Fortune's Yellow, the Banksian Rose, some of the Boursault Roses, as *Amadis*, *Gracilis*, and *Morletti*, *Reine Marie Henriette*, and others. Fortune's Yellow and the Banksian Rose should only be planted in warm sheltered situations in Southern gardens. *Reine Marie Henriette* is a vigorous and free-flowering climbing Rose, although the colour, which is crimson fading to magenta as the flowers age, is not liked by some. There are some excellent wall Roses among the *Noisettes*, as, for instance, *Alister Stella Gray*, pale yellow; *Rêve d'Or*, deep yellow; *Celine Forestier*, pale yellow; *Solfaterre*, Lamarque, sulphur yellow; *Cloth of Gold*, yellow; *Virginie Demont-Breton*, coppery rose. Honeysuckle, Jessamine, and Clematis, too, should find a home on every garden wall; attractive in themselves, they enhance the beauty of the Roses if carefully arranged. The accompanying illustration shows a south wall of the officers' mess garden at Glen Parva Barracks, Leicester. The Roses are William Allen Richardson and Gloire de Dijon, while in the distance may be seen Clematis and Jessamine.

RANDOM NOTES.

Preparing for Spring Borders.—It may seem the wrong season to write of spring flowers, but gardening is a profession or recreation in which one must be always looking forward. Within the next few weeks preparations must begin for planting the flowers that are to give beauty to the garden during the spring months. We are frequently asked for information about planting a border, and here is a charming scheme to obtain a spring effect. The notes are from one of the most accomplished of gardeners, whose influence upon horticulture has been and is seen in many ways: "There are many places where it is not easy, or not, perhaps, obviously easy, to arrange for a good display of spring flowers. This is generally the case where there have no place of their own; where they may only occupy their positions for a part of the year, and must then make room for summer flowers. This is scarcely ever satisfactory, for it must either restrict the choice of plants within narrow limits, or demand the sacrifice of good plants that ought to stand longer in their place. In such conditions none of the permanent



ROSES ON A GARDEN WALL.

get that rain," hit off, as usual, the note of the season. Robbed of its original splendour, the heat was only oppressive, until, by and by, there came that afternoon when the fluffy seed blew up on the gust, and the storm-cloud drew gloomily over the North-Eastern sky. Men's hopes rose then; not, however, without some foreboding lest the relief should come in the shape of disaster. The customary talk which began to go its round tells why. "We shan't get no rain unless we has thunder," one man would say solemnly, and provoke the unfailing rejoinder, "Let's hope it won't come with a floush, then." The ready-made dialogue is like a mirror, in which one may see the weather and the country reflected. It shows vast sky spaces, and slow, tremendous clouds overhanging a helpless earth and helpless men. In the distant landscape, the fields can be seen whitening for the harvest. Near at hand, the corn stands tall and heavy; the roads are loose. A heavy flush of rain may wash out the roads, beat down the corn, and do incalculable damage to orchard and garden; and timorous men say apprehensively that "they hope it won't come with a floush."

The rain, which at last came, not violently, but most beneficently, was in its turn mirrored forth in time-honoured country phrases. When people said—and they said it to everyone they met—"What a nice rain we've had!" it was a remark which the witty might think were as well left unspoken; and yet to hear it, so gratefully meant and said so softly, was to repeat, I found, through the senses of other men, my own pleasure in the "nice rain." I heard again its caressing fall and the trees receiving it,

perennials that bloom in spring can be used, and only a limited number of bulbous-rooted plants. True comfort in spring gardening can only be obtained where a space can be wholly devoted to plants that bloom in April and May. In many pleasure grounds there are bye-places, that are not within the main summer garden scheme, where the early-flowering plants might find a home. Such a place I have in mind. It is just beyond the boundaries of the more-dressed pleasure garden. To the south is a high wall, continuing as a Yew hedge, through which a path and a hunting-gate lead into the garden nearer the house. A Yew hedge also bounds the garden at the end of the path, where this passes through it after taking a swan-neck bend.

The Plants in the Border.—Many of the plants in the border are permanent. Of these the principal are: Tree Peonies in one or two of the most beautiful colourings of pale and full pink; the earliest of the herbaceous Peonies, including the handsome *P. wittmanniana*; *Veratrum*, *Myrrhis*, and *Solomon's Seal* for handsome foliage, *Heuchera*, *Mertensia*, *Uvularia*, *Camassia*, *Dentaria*, *Adonis*, *Corydalis*, several kinds of *Anemone*, including the glorious fulgens, double *Arabis*, *Iberis*, *Aubrietia*, and *Alyssum*. Those that stand from two to three years are *Tiarella*, *Narcissus*, early *Irises*, dwarf *Phloxes*, and the dwarf alpine *Wallflowers*. Then, yearly replanted, are long drift of *Primroses*, *Tulips*, *Wallflowers*, *Myosotis*, and stately groups of *Crow Imperials*.

Carefully Arranged for Colour.—To the right the colouring is of white with palest yellow and purple of *Aubrietia*, *Wallflower*, and late *Tulip* in succession. The yellows deepen to the middle of the bower's length, and then tone into orange and scarlet. This strong colouring is further enriched by an under-planting of dark reddish-leaved *Heuchera Richardsoni* and a backing of brown *Wallflower*. To the left there is again white and yellow and purple of *Aubrietia*. But here the *Aubrietia* is led away through the varieties of pinkish lilac colouring, as of the beautiful Dutch variety *Moorheimeii*, to the true pinks and whites of *Tulips*. These lead to double white *Arabis*, with *Myosotis*, tall white *Tulips*, and arching sprays of *Dielytra*, then again onward to the scarlet of *Anemone fulgens*, *Tulipa gesneriana*, and the same filling as on the other side of red-leaved *Heuchera* and brown *Wallflower*. The borders, thus carefully considered for colour and filled with the best plants of the season, are really of pictorial value during the months of April and May.

The wall to the right is flowery with *Morello Cherry* and garlands of *Clematis montana*. The same good early *Clematis* is planted at the foot of some *Cob Nuts* that stand at nearly even distances at the back of the left-hand border. They are being trained to go about 7ft. up the *Nuts*, and then to form garlands from one to the next, swinging down to meet the great pink flowers of some of the loveliest of the Tree Peonies."

DISTRICT NURSING IN THE WEST OF IRELAND.



WOMEN FETCHING TURF.

I HAVE lately visited one or two of the district nurses established by Her Excellency the Countess of Dudley in the West of Ireland, and I think a short account of their work may interest the readers of your paper. The barren, inhospitable nature of the land must be realised. At a first glance it seems almost impossible that the rock-strewn stretches of plain, melting into bogs, can possibly yield enough to support man. Little patches are cleared in which the potatoes are grown, and the bog is cut into bricks for fuel, and carried painfully back to the cabins in baskets slung on the women's backs. Even if the crop succeeds, food gets very scarce in July before the new potatoes come in, and, of course, any failure means starvation. Last year there was famine in many of these districts, and in spite of all that was done to help, the old and the weak and the very young died, and seeds of disease in

those that were left developed rapidly. There are very few doctors; the people are too poor to pay fees, and the distances are great, for cabins are scattered over the entire country, and up till quite recently a district nurse was unknown. The loss of life was, and is still, excessive. Women die in childbirth, men of fever, children of tuberculosis, who might easily have been saved if help could have come in time.

One of the first places I went to was called Bealadangan. A nurse had been established there in a little house at the edge of the sea; imagine a stone gable, a porch, two rooms to right, two rooms to left, and a kitchen at the back; no garden, nothing but the usual strewn rocks, and the sea always stirring the silence. Then imagine yourself living there with only one servant, liable to be sent for at any hour of the day or night in any weather, to go any distance



A WAYSIDE COTTAGE.

from one to twenty miles, on a bicycle. The nurse has to fight illness constantly without a doctor's help; she has to fight the ignorant fears and prejudices of the people, their dirt, squalor, and carelessness, and, worst of all, she has to fight famine. It is a hard and a very lonely life, but, like all lives spent in helping others, a happy one. And the reward is immediate: the people love their nurse and are grateful to her; they bring her touching little presents of eggs and cream and butter, they sometimes try to carry out her instructions as to cleanliness, and they depend upon her in all their troubles.

The Bealadangan nurse told me that she does her best to teach her patients not to stew and restew their tea. This horrible black concoction and the frequent under-feeding are probably responsible in part for the insanity which is painfully common among the people. I went to see an old woman whose daughter had just been taken away to a lunatic asylum, and whose son was beginning to mutter and look strange. The little cabin was simply a pile of stones, huddling together somehow, with a thatched roof. There was no chimney and no window, and the smoke had to stream out of the door. Inside was nothing but a big hearth, a sort of shelf, some rough bedding, and a cow. The old mother cannot speak or understand a word of English, the "strange" son can talk a little, but does not know how to write or read. They have not enough land to support them, and every winter sees them on the edge of starvation. I was told that the poor old mother used to sit day after day with the mad daughter's head in her lap, guarding her like a tigress. She lives now on the hope of one day getting her girl home again. It is little enough that anyone can do to help, but the nurse tries to cheer her, writes letters for her to the Ballinasloe lunatic asylum, reads the answers, and then translates them into Erse. The old mother looked up like a child who knows it will get comfort, and the poor boy smiled and brightened as he spoke of the help which had been given.

I think, perhaps, the most lonely nurse I saw was on Achill. A bridge connects this island with the mainland, but in very rough weather it is almost impossible to get across. The wind sweeps over the Atlantic with terrible force and beats against the Achill cliffs. The island is ravaged with tuberculosis. There was a famine on Achill last winter, and illness always follows famine. The nurse took me to see four children, again in a cabin without window or chimney. Their mother, a widow, had been in England all the winter, earning, and the children had been left in charge of an uncle. There was not enough to eat, the uncle is old and ignorant, and the result was that two children developed the terrible disease. The bones of their legs are rotting away. The nurse comes in and dresses their sores, and tries to feed them better, but more help is wanted. I went into one rather large and



A DERELICT LEFT BY THE TIDE OF EMIGRATION.

a pig, and several cocks and hens. The nurse does all she can, but it is a hopeless case. Long ago the child should have been moved from these surroundings and properly nurtured.

There are many such cases on the island, and there will be many until times are better and food is a certainty. Systematic nursing and teaching could then sweep the illness away, for the climate is not unhealthy. As it is the poor nurse works till she is ill herself, for there is no one who can help her. I could describe some of the other places I saw, but the story would always be much the same: a little less illness in one place, a little more in another, but always the shadow of famine; the nurse out in all weathers,

sometimes having to take to a boat to go to outlying islands, leading her lonely wonderful life, beloved by all the people, a friend and a counsellor as well as a nurse. I remember one old woman at Gweesala, a desolate place cut off by an arm of the sea, which we crossed in a ferry-boat, looking at us with a sort of suspicious fear in her eyes as she said, "Sure it would be a terrible day for us if the nurse was to go away." She fancied our visit might presage some change. The nurse laughed, and said it would be a terrible day for her, too, if she had to leave them. This same nurse could hardly bear to go away for her holiday. "Last year a woman some miles away died of hemorrhage, and I feel sure I could have saved her," she kept saying. "I always feel I might have saved her." That is typical of the spirit in which these women do their work.

I want to put in a plea for the miles and miles of country in which no nurse can be yet established for want of funds. The committee has a long list of applications from all over the country, arranged as far as possible in order of most need. The priests are in favour of the movement, for they see that the people learn not only how to tend the sick, but how to make life healthier and happier. Twelve nurses have already been established by Lady Dudley's Fund, but many more are needed. Each nursing centre must be endowed, and that means the collection of several hundreds of pounds. It is heart-breaking to have to refuse over and over again, simply for lack of funds, when refusal means the loss of many lives every year, and means also that a chance of helping the people permanently is thrown away. Some of those, and there are many in this island, who feel deeply for the



J. Crewys Richards.

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WITH THE HELP OF A STICK.

Irish, and long to help them, might send a contribution to Her Excellency the Countess of Dudley, Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and feel sure that their sympathy and their money can only do good.

EDITH LYTTTELTON.

A HIGHLAND FOX-HUNT.

THE shepherds had come down the mountains with news of foxes. They had seen signs of mischief in many places, and had surprised a litter of cubs playing near the top of Monachyle Mhòr. Donald the gamekeeper sent a ceremonious message notifying an expedition and desiring to know whether I should care to go. The invitation was brought by one of the shepherds, a lad of nineteen summers and a stature of 6ft., who added that he and his brother were to take us to the place where the foxes had been seen. "When?" I asked. "This afternoon," he answered. "I was to say starting at three o'clock if that would suit." Although he had just come down the mountain, on which he had spent the night before, Ian smiled decorously at the thought of his being too tired to go up again without a rest. Donald had promised to let him have a gun, and his brother Malcolm too.

Go? Of course I would!

After walking up by the burn for a little over a mile we cut off at a slightly obtuse angle towards the peak of Monachyle Mhòr. Soon we reached what may be called the snow-line. Even at the longest day there is snow on the Scotch mountains; it is soft on the surface and for a few inches down, then it becomes denser, finally it is black ice with water oozing out between it and the soil. What struck me as most astonishing was its colour; instead of being white it was a dingy grey. If the colouring matter was soot, as I believe, the heavens in time of cloud must be dusted with the smoke of cities scores of miles away. The dogs rolled luxuriously in the snow-wreaths. There were six of them. Donald had brought five Scotch terriers of different sizes, and I had brought Tim, who is already known to fame. Being a fox-terrier he should have shone this day of all days; but he disgraced me as to be hereafter mentioned, and this must be positively his last appearance in contemporary literature. At any rate, in a flush of reminiscent shame, I think so at this moment.

When we set off again, Ian, not Donald, led. He it was who knew the foxes' lair. We were now on the western ridge of the mountain, not far from the peak, and going north. Silence had fallen upon the company. Ian, Donald, and Malcolm, in Indian file, went stealthily. I did my utmost to do exactly as they were doing, but I lacked the knack. Foothold on the ridge was precarious; the descent to the left was sheer into a gloomy gulf high 2,000ft. in depth. The sun, which seemed to be just round the north-west shoulder of Ben More, struck vertical and blindingly.

Of a sudden Ian paused. He made cautious motions with head and arms which the others seemed to understand. Not a word was spoken; but instantly we were crawling all-fours with some intent that looked exceedingly intelligent. This went on for perhaps 200yds., and brought us to a broad patch of grass, in the middle of which was a flat rock. Ian and the others were gazing eagerly at this, which, I noticed, had under it what might be a rabbit-hole. Soon, under mute directions from Donald, we were all ranged about 20yds. off round this rock,

which was in a gentle depression. Then Donald, taking his five dogs on leash, stepped softly towards the rock, unfastened one of the terriers, and tried to insert it at a hole. The dog sniffed, and pushed, and was excited, but it did not go in. Perhaps, I thought, it was too big. Another dog was tried, and another, and another, but the result was in each case the same. Each sniffed, and poked, and scraped, but, for some reason, had to be hauled off. After these failures, without having given a trial to his other terrier, Donald came silently over to the place where I lay prone. Would I lend him Tim? Donald asked, in a whisper. The smallest terrier might get in; but she was very young, and a wee bit shy. I was delighted to be thus honoured. By all means I would lend Tim. He was nestling by my side. I lifted him up, and handed him to the captain of the raid. "Now we'll see sport," I said to myself, proudly, as Tim was borne off. Tim was the most valorous person in Balquhider. He was the terror of every stranger. For tramps he made life not worth living in the glen. All other dogs, even the most warlike retrievers, fled at sight of him. "Now," I repeated, with glowing heart, "we shall see sport indeed!"

Did we? Formally introduced to the fastness of the fox, Tim should have disappeared in one hole and reappeared at the other, with all the garrison in panic flight before him, within half a minute at the most; but, instead of doing this, he turned from the vault the moment he was put to it, looked shame-facedly up at Donald, and weakly wagged his contemptible stump of a tail. Then he came bounding over to me, and invited me to throw a stone for him. He pretended that he had not understood; but there was in his eye a look which showed him up. Tim was in a funk. There was no mistaking the case. I do not say he was afraid to tackle the fox; but he was certainly afraid of something. Perhaps he was unstrung by the eerie feeling which comes when in the middle of summer you find yourself above the snow-line, and apparently rather higher than the sun. While I ruminated thus, Donald was tenderly introducing the smallest terrier to the task which the other dogs could not or would not undertake. The trembling little thing went in. Then, having stepped backwards, so that his eyes might not leave the lair, Donald resumed his position on the knoll; that is to say, he lay down and shouldered his gun. Ian and Malcolm shouldered their guns. So did I. There we were, marking the points of a square

round the flat rock. Each of us held a death-dealing weapon in aim at the same place. Had it not been that the target lay in a slight depression, Ian's gun would have been pointing at my head, and mine at his; the other two were in exactly analogous positions. What was to happen when a fox showed? This disquieting problem was very insistent, and it excited the self-regarding instinct so considerably that I felt more than a little sympathy for Tim, tucked up on the lee side of me in shelter from the icy wind. What was to be done? I might, of course, crawl over to Donald and mention that I had promised to be back to dinner, which would be true; but a sharp, thin shock in the limitless atmosphere interrupted the deliberation. It was Ian's gun. The others followed almost instantly. I, too, fired. I saw nothing to fire at; but, obviously, firing was the right thing. There was a certain stern grandeur, as of war, about it. So high up in the sky the sounds of the shooting were strangely weak; but the smoke was good. It lent an atmosphere of efficiency to our work. As we ran to the lair I felt a not unpleasant tingling in my left shoulder. The dog-fox lay dead beside the rock. Donald said it was Malcolm's shot that had told. Ian's—that of my *vis-à-vis*—had told, too, in a



J. Crews Richards. AN ACHILL INTERIOR.

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way. It had told in my shoulder. "Only a few ricochet pellets," Donald soothingly explained when, the tingling having become a little acute, I had taken off my coat to examine.

Honour seemed sufficiently appeased to permit me and Tim to depart. As there was no sign of the little terrier, the rest stayed on. Donald thought the terrier would be so frightened that she would be a long time in coming out. She was. She did not come out for many hours. Even then, she came out of the hole by which she had entered. This was told to me by Donald, who, with the shepherds, came stepping proudly down the glen about nine o'clock next morning. She was too young, poor thing, to fight with a vixen. "We're to try again this afternoon," Donald added, "but there's no sayin' whaur they'll be by that time. No' in the same place whatever. Maybe miles awa'. Foxes dinna' stay in the same hole when ye've fund them oot—no' even, sometimes, on the same hill."

W. EARL HODGSON.

THE SURVIVAL OF THE SMACK.

THE famous fleet of Yarmouth trawlers has just gone to the hammer, and more than one contemporary has seen in that transaction the impending extinction of the smack. Yet Brixham may remain unmoved, Ramsgate need not tremble, Lowestoft may breathe; for the smack, that simple and picturesque fishing-craft, hallowed by traditions which can never soften the steam-trawler of Tyne or Humber, will not die out these many years. Nor, for the matter of that, is Yarmouth, as freely prophesied, on the verge of insolvency by reason of the dispersal of her trawling fleet. It is merely a question of judicious transfer of labour and capital to the herring-fishing, and steam-drifters ply in and out the Yare estuary as busily as did the trawlers (which have gone to Lowestoft) twenty years ago. To the northernmost sea-lochs fare these Yarmouth drifters for herring in autumn, and to the calm bays of the West Country for the mackerel in spring, and Yarmouth reaps these distant harvests with as much profit as of yore she trawled the bed of the North Sea for flat-fish and haddocks. The only trawlers left to her are the little, self-contained craft whereon shrimps are both caught and cooked and finally landed at the quays ready for the consumer.

Nor is it correct to regard Yarmouth, or, for that matter, any port on the East Coast, as the birthplace of trawling, for that method originated at the picturesque old Devon town of Brixham, where still, nestling beneath Berry Head, belongs the finest fleet of smacks in the kingdom. Brixham, then, and no more modern fishing centre, is the mother of trawling, and it is to her sons that such great markets as Grimsby, metropolis of the industry, Hull, and Scarborough owe their start as trawling ports. Even to-day, when steam-power at many of these offshoots has superseded the supremacy of Brixham, Ramsgate, and Lowestoft, the first named still sends smacks as far north as Pwllheli on the west side, where half-a-dozen may often be seen lying off the harbour entrance discharging fish that they have trawled out in the Bristol Channel.

It is a matter of satisfaction, even to many with no interest whatever in the fish trade, that there will, in all probability for an indefinite future period, still be room for the primitive smack, with perhaps just enough auxiliary steam-power to raise the net. While the heavily-capitalised fleets of steam-trawlers are away for weeks exploiting the prolific grounds of Iceland and the Faroes, bringing to the Northern markets their hundreds of tons of cod, plaice, and haddock, the beautiful red-winged smack will still have its work to do in the home waters. This is most desirable, less perhaps because the old-fashioned beam trawl is far less exhaustive than the newer and more efficacious otter pattern than for the sake of the crews. Those who serve on sailing-smacks are hereditary fishermen, sons of the sea, and not so many stokers and deck-hands, who merely serve on North Sea trawlers while it suits their purpose, and then, at the first promise of a paltry increase in their wage, desert to the nearest colliery or ironworks.

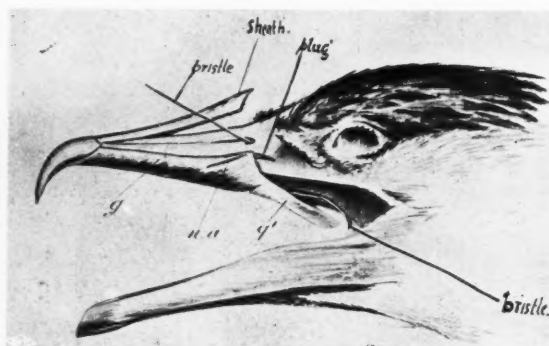
When—*Absit omen!*—the inevitable moment arrives for England's supreme struggle for the threatened mastery of the seas, she will soon see which class is more to be relied on to defend her shores, the dense and discontented population of artisans that draw their wages on North Sea steamers, or the sturdy marine yeomanry born amid the cliffs of Devon and Cornwall, of Sussex and Kent, who spend their lives almost without complaint toiling at the nets within sight of their homes, untouched by the modern craze for strikes, living up to a simple but sufficient ideal, very sturdy, honest knaves. These be the backbone of the coast defence.

F. G. A.

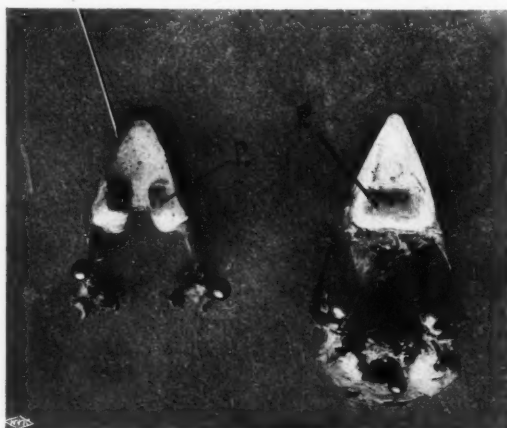
SOME FACTS ABOUT BRITISH BIRDS.

IT is curious to reflect that among those who are privileged to live in the country only a few are ever touched by the mysteries which surround them. That the trees are alternately bare and decked with leaves, that the birds sing more at one period of the year than at another, sum up for them the total of all that is to be observed. The apparent sameness of their surroundings palls, and those who can, make for the excitement of town life, and atone for their indifference to all they have left behind by professing an ardent admiration for Gilbert White and Macgillivray, or an affected interest in the new cult of Nature-study. For them, Nature in our home counties presents no marvels, and questions concerning that most fascinating of all problems, Evolution, if they excite any interest at all, are supposed to be matters to be studied in museums; and even there the evidence is supposed to be imported from the tropics. That the drama of the evolution of species could be studied in our fields and hedgerows, in a walk by the seashore, a turn over the heath, or a quiet hour by the river, is a fact they have never realised. That these places should be fermenting with life and pregnant with interest seems never to have occurred to them, and thus it is that, having eyes and seeing not, they find the country dull.

While these take the phenomena of Nature as so many counters having a definite and fixed value, as did our forefathers, this failure to perceive the



BEAK OF CORMORANT.



CRUSHING PADS.

obvious will remain; but so soon as it is realised that these phenomena are part of a living pageant setting forth the mysteries of life, interest becomes quickened, and that which was once endured becomes something to live for. Even among those who are really interested in Nature there are few who look much below the surface of things. Our native birds have been more thoroughly and carefully studied than any other group of our native fauna. We have grouped them into migrants and residents and recorded the phases of plumage by which young and old, male and female, may be identified; have recorded their weights and measurements, nesting sites, and habits and food—and here the matter is supposed to end. Hence the excitement which new and rare visitants cause among us. They afford us fresh material to catalogue, and we gloat over the addition to our board; but we end where we should begin. Having arranged our facts as to migration, sexual differences, and so on, the real study begins—the why of all this.

Of the flocks of finches to be met with everywhere, why do some select one kind of food and some another? Take the case of one of the shyest, and therefore least known, of our finches—the hawfinch. The food of this bird we are told, consists of the seeds of the hornbeam, kernels of haws, laurels, plums, and other stone fruits, the fleshy pulp of which is wholly rejected for the sake of the enclosed kernel, or, rather, for the sake of the meal enclosed within this kernel, "which is adroitly cracked between the bird's

mandibles," says Yarrell. Though this author described these jaws as "powerful crushers," neither he nor any other observer ever appears to have examined so remarkable a beak carefully. A short time since, on looking over a number of skeletons at the British Museum of Natural History, I came across the skull of a hawfinch which retained the beak-sheath. On examining this, I found, on the lower jaw in the region of the gape, a pair of rounded bosses of horn having a finely-striated surface (marked "P" in our illustration). The upper jaw, immediately above, proved to be provided with a long "cushion" crossing the palate from side to side, and also striated. Here we have the crushing mechanism acting like millstones and similarly roughened! The immense depth of the rami of the jaw and the excessive development of the muscular attachments on the skull bear witness to the great power of these jaws. A precisely similar mechanism, it is interesting to notice, occurs in the jaws of many fishes which crush the shells of molluscs for the sake of the juicy animal contained therein. The pond tortoises of the genus *Trionyx*, and the extinct Steller's sea-cow *Rhytina*, among the mammalia, have adopted a similar device.

The beaks of the gannet and the cormorant, again, afford excellent object-lessons of the way in which organs may become modified to fulfil peculiar functions. The diving habits of these birds are well known, yet few are apparently aware of the fact that neither the gannet nor the cormorant is able to breathe through the nostrils, for the simple and sufficient reason that they have become completely closed up, so that breathing is possible through the mouth only. The same is true in the case of the penguin.

If the beak-sheath of a cormorant, for example, be carefully examined, it will be found to be made up of several separate elements, a median piece forming the ridge of the beak, and two lateral plates forming the sides of the sheath. In the groove where the plates meet, near the base of the beak, will be found just a trace of the sometime functional nostril. If these plates be now gently forced apart it will be found that a horny plug, tubular in shape, adheres to the side plate on each side, and this will be found to have been withdrawn from what was once the passage to the back of the mouth, and hence to the windpipe. The horny plug represents the lining of the outer portion of this passage, so reduced as to prevent the entrance of any air whatsoever. After the withdrawal of the plug, a bristle can be passed readily through the nostril to the back of the throat, as in normal cases. The bony beak may, for our present purpose, be described as solid; but in the young bird there will

be found a large open space representing the aperture of the nostrils when they were functional in the ancestral cormorant, as may be seen in our illustration. The nostril in this nestling represents the form of this aperture in normal birds. The same condition of things obtains in the gannet. The beak of this bird, however, differs in two very interesting particulars from that of the cormorant. In the first place, the cutting edges of the sheath thereof are peculiarly serrated, a device for holding slippery prey, which the cormorant appears not to need, though why this should be so it is difficult to understand. In the second place this beak moves upon the skull by a peculiar hinge, in which respect it recalls the hinged beak of the parrot and some other birds. Further, on each side of the beak, near its base, there will be found a curious notch in the sheath. This device is essential to the working of the hinge. But why a hinge at all? It would seem that its development is intimately connected with the remarkable diving habits which the gannets adopt in the capture of their food. As is well known, these birds seize their prey by a sudden downward rush from mid-air, sending the spray in all directions as they plunge. More or less of a shock, when the fish is struck, is from this method of capture inevitable, and by this curious arrangement this shock is reduced to a minimum. The force with which these birds strike is illustrated by the very cruel practical joke played by fishermen and others, who should know better, of tying a herring to a

beam and throwing this overboard. As soon as the gleam of the scales is noticed by the wretched bird the usual plunge is made, and with dire results, for the bird is killed in consequence.

Our common snipe and woodcock are popularly supposed to live on "suction." That is to say, they are supposed to extract their nourishment by ingesting mud containing animal matter. As a matter of fact, of course, they do nothing of the kind, but feed upon worms, insects, small molluscs, and seeds—the latter probably swallowed accidentally. If this fact were more generally known, perhaps the relish for snipe cooked with the "trail" would be less prevalent than at present! The worms, we need hardly say, are obtained by probing, and this probing, as all good sportsmen know, is guided by the extreme sensitiveness of the bill, which at the tip is provided with a soft skin of a texture which may be likened to that of a kid glove. But more than this, delicate nerves terminate in this skin, and these indicate the presence of

the hidden prey and control the movements of the beak. It is, however, apparently not generally known that the upper jaw of this wonderful beak is so modified that its tip can be raised while the rest of the beak remains closed. It acts in the same sort of way as the nippers of a crab's big "claws," where the lower limb of the forceps remains fixed, while the upper is freely movable up and down. The nature of its motion can be still better understood, perhaps, by pressing the middle finger flat upon the table, and then raising the finger from the middle joint. A little reflection will show the necessity for some such mechanism. Without

it, when the bill is thrust down into the mud, it would have to displace the mass opposed to it far enough, at least, to allow of the worm being seized, and this would be impossible in an organ so fragile. By raising the tip, however, only a comparatively small amount of mud has to be displaced to enable the prey to be gripped. The manner in which this mechanism has been attained is simple, though not easily explained. Without entering into details, it should be sufficient to say that, by the pull of certain muscles on the bones known as the quadrates—marked "Q" in the photograph—the long bones of the palate are thrust forward, and these in turn thrust forward the long, slender rods which form the margin of the upper jaw. This causes the solid tip of the beak to be bent back upon itself at the point where the median rod forming the "culmen," or ridge of the beak, terminates, that being the point where resistance is least. Even the comparatively short-billed sandpipers and dunlins show

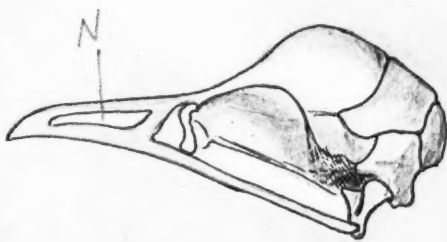
this mechanism, and in captive specimens of the latter I have often seen this tip turned upwards when the bird is gaping.

There are many who seem convinced that we have learned all that is to be known concerning our native birds; yet one of the very commonest species presents us with a problem so far unsolved. This is the common rook. How is the peculiar bare face of the adult rook acquired? The bird

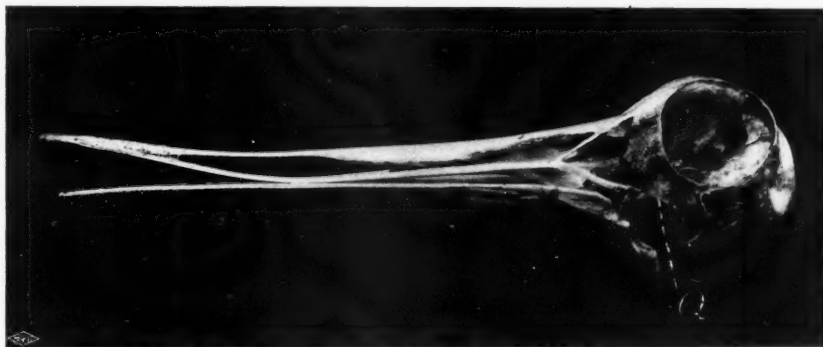
of the year, like its relatives, the crow and the raven, has the base of the beak covered by a thick growth of bristle-like feathers pointing towards the tip of the beak. Later, these and the feathers around the fore part of the head are shed, revealing a bare, white, scaly skin, and exposing the downy bases of the foremost feathers. It has been contended that these feathers are worn off by the delving habits of these birds, but this explanation is scarcely satisfactory. Here is a problem which some readers of COUNTRY LIFE may be tempted to try to solve.

This is one of the many questions that vexed the older ornithologists, but which we have entirely neglected in our eagerness to make records of new species or rename old ones. Surely it would be worth while to take up the matter again. We hear much of "bird watching" and "Nature study" nowadays, but somehow little that is new or useful has resulted so far. Since Waterton's essay on the subject, when he roundly abused the "closet naturalists," as was his wont, the matter has remained neglected.

W. P. PYCRAFT.



SKULL OF NESTLING GANNET.



SKULL OF WOODCOCK.



COVNTRY HOMES

TWO . . . NORFOLK . . . MANOR HOUSES.

EAST BARSHAM MANOR HOUSE, or more properly Wolterton Manor, the latter name so called from the manor it stands in, presents a remarkable specimen of the brick building of the early Tudor period. What is left of this once stately edifice is little indeed, compared to what it was in the day of its prosperity, when the frontage alone extended to 140ft. Situated in a picturesque valley through which flows the stream of the Stiffkey, on its way to Walsingham, of celebrated memory, this ancient mansion stands in close proximity to the main road that leads from the little town of Fakenham, three miles away. A portion of what remains is inhabited, but the greater part is a picturesque ruin, and as such bears eloquent testimony to what our forefathers were capable of building, before architecture had lost its cunning, and fallen into hard masonic line and cast-iron mould.

Begun in the reign of the seventh Henry, it is rich in frieze

and pediment, and possesses a wealth of armorial carving; and Tudor ornament typical of the period, the chimneys alone being exceedingly ornate and incrustated with fretwork and fleur-de-lis, fashioned in terra-cotta moulds. The house, as a whole, had many distinguishing features; on the gate-house that still stands, which led to the paved court before the main building, there are above its wide, crocketed Tudor arch, the arms of Henry VIII., boldly displayed, surmounted by the royal crown, and flanked by the ruins of a great winged griffin and lion carved in brick; while on the porch of the house, seen in the illustration, through the arch of the gate-house, are the royal arms of Henry VII., supported by the red dragon of Cadwallader, and the white greyhound, which last was a badge of the house of York, obtained by his Queen Elizabeth through her Neville descent; nor is the badge of the portcullis omitted which Henry VII. inherited through his mother being of the house of Beaufort. It is

an ancient tradition that Henry VIII. lodged at Barsham Manor House while he was on his road to pay homage to our Lady of Walsingham, and that to show befitting humility, or, perhaps, merely observing custom, he elected to walk barefoot the little more than two miles further, from East Barsham to the celebrated shrine.

The armorial bearings of the Fermors, who built the house, take but second place beside their royal masters'; on the south side of the gate-house they flank the royal arms, but on the courtyard side of the same building they are to be seen pendant from hands outstretched from a cloud, while on the porch of the main building a winged angel discreetly carries the family coat beneath the arms of Henry VII. The family of Fermor originally became possessed of this manor by the marriage of a Sir Henry Fermor, knight, with an heiress of the family of Wode, or Wood, who had possessed it from the days of Henry VI., and probably even further back, while the Fermors, or Frayermores, as the name is sometimes spelt, were a family that came into prominence in the reign of Richard II.

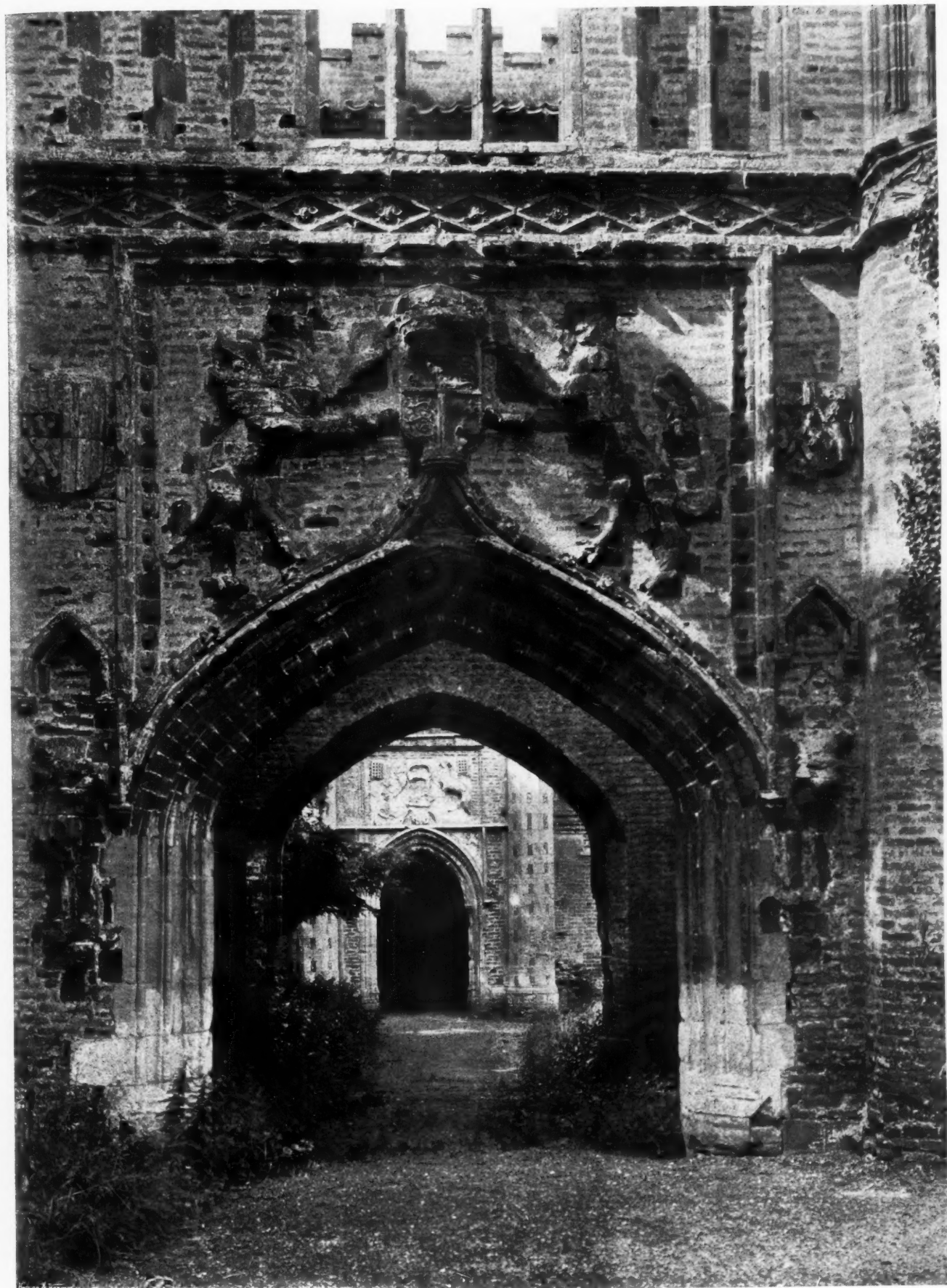
Barsham Manor House was completed in the reign of Henry VIII. by a Sir William Fermor, the son of Sir Henry, and here the family continued to flourish till about the third of Charles I., when, heirs male failing, Mary, a daughter of a William Fermor, Esquire, who had married James Calthorpe, brought it into the latter's family, with whom it did not, however, long continue, and the last of the family who dwelt there appears



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EAST BARSHAM MANOR: THE TOWER.

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TWO SETS OF ROYAL ARMS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to have been Sir Christopher Calthorpe, Knight of the Bath, in the reign of Charles II., until, heirs male again failing, it came into the family of L'Estrange of Hunstanton, by the marriage of Sir Thomas L'Estrange with Anne, the daughter of Sir Christopher aforesaid; but as Sir Thomas continued to reside at Hunstanton, there would appear very little doubt that the neglect and ruin of East Barsham Manor House began about this period. In 1760 it was already in rapid decay, when it again changed owners, since by the death of a Sir Henry L'Estrange, Sir Jacob Astley of Melton Constable, who had married Lucy, a daughter of Sir Nicholas, and a sister of Sir Thomas L'Estrange, became

general practically covered 58ft. In the descriptions of the eighteenth century, when the house was more intact than nowadays, and the hall was standing, its large bay window is described as rich in stained and armorial glass, with the family motto oft repeated of "Audaces fortuna jubat," and among several noble coats could be counted those of Howard, Warren, Mowbray, and Percy, while in an adjacent apartment those of Fermor, Wood, Knevets, and Berney were conspicuous. In one of the windows there was formerly a pedigree of Calthorpe, showing the descent of the family from the conquest to the middle of the seventeenth century, contained in about fifty to sixty diamond panes, but



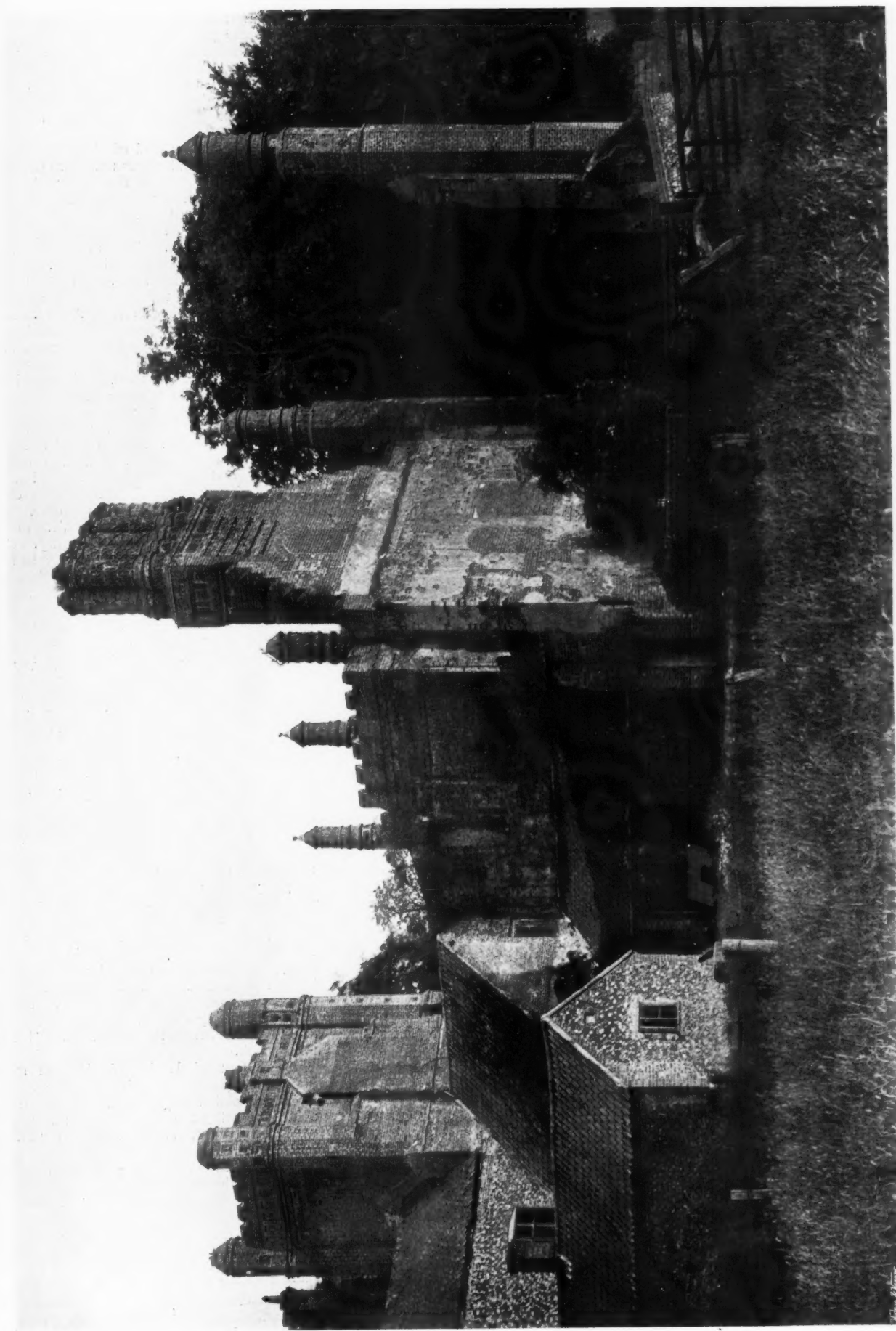
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IN AN EVENING LIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

possessed of it. Houses of the period of East Barsham had ceased to be private fortresses, so the gate-house possessed no portcullis, but had only doors to keep out the intruder; neither is there any indication of a moat on its south side, which was commonly found in many houses up to a much later period. The plan of the house is sufficiently traceable to show that the original building occupied 140ft. of front, being somewhat irregularly distributed into seven large compartments, the porch forming the centre, the hall, the largest room in the house, measuring 41ft. by 22ft., with a height of 16ft., for, unlike halls of the period, it had rooms above it; the breadth of the building in

many of these latter found their way into the house of Sir John Fenn at East Dereham, who had married a descendant of the Calthorpes. Outside the friezes are studded with the Tudor rose, coats of arms, and male and female heads in relief, alternately with boss and escutcheon, all being formed in moulded brick. The tower of the house, shown in the illustration, is a marked feature of the fabric, running to a height of 49ft. to the crest of the battlements; the highest point of its pinnacles cleared 63ft.; it contains three rooms, of which the two lowest are covered with vaulted roofs of brick, ribbed and groined. The height of the lower room from floor to point of arch runs to 16ft., while the



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EAST BARSHAM MANOR HOUSE.

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A FINE OLD STACK.

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THE GATEHOUSE FROM THE NORTH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

upper room, which has a flat ceiling, measures roft. As a house of its period East Barsham owns no rival in the county of Norfolk, unless it is in the neighbouring building of Great Snoring, both being raised much about the same time; but of this latter only a comparatively small portion remains. East Barsham is at this present day a venerable and sad relic of the past, and beautiful in the colour that time alone gives to ancient brickwork, which equals, if it does not exceed, the variety and colour that successive centuries impart to stone.

The neighbourhood of East Barsham has many buildings and places that were in the past famous, and although the Great Abbey of Walsingham took first place architecturally and historically in that town, yet the parish church of St. Mary's has its interest among Norfolk churches of remark. Like many more in the county it is Perpendicular in style, and of no mean size, measuring 151ft. from east to west. The font shown in the illustration is as fine an example as any other in East Anglia. Not a few of the Norfolk fonts are elaborate and ornate, the county producing specimens of most architectural periods; but the fonts of this peculiar design, octagonal in form, and carved with representations of the seven sacraments of the Church, while the eighth panel represented some other suitable subject, are rarely found out of the East of England. Sixteen stand in Norfolk alone, eleven in Suffolk, while the counties of Kent and Somersetshire have but one apiece. The period when they were chiefly produced dates, roughly speaking, from about the reign of Henry VI. to the early part of the sixteenth century. Other fine specimens of the same type may be found in the parishes of Salle, Great Witchingham, Brook, Cley, and East Dereham, the first and last of which places have fonts nearly as elaborate as Walsingham. The font of East Dereham, according to the parish account-book, was erected in 1468 at the cost of £12 18s. 9d., which, as it is less elaborate than Walsingham, makes it probable that the latter must have been far more costly than the former. The Walsingham font is rich in canopy, pinnacle, and ornament, and the shaft bears statues of the four evangelists, also the four Latin fathers of the Church, while a niche in each corner is filled with an angel on a pedestal. The panels around the octagonal bowl have the usual quaint portrayal of the sacraments common to these fonts, without any very strong diversity of form, otherwise than the dress of the period, or the difficulty the sculptor found in perspective and arrangement, which often gave very quaint results. On some, and notably a specimen at Great Witchingham, there is a good bit of colour left, but so many were brutally damaged and defaced in puritanical times, that few have escaped without serious injury; here and there the churchwardens' successive coats of whitewash have in past days completely covered and somewhat preserved what otherwise would have been a total wreck.

The font of Little Walsingham stands high on its pedestal of tall steps, the faces of which are elaborately carved, the whole structure dominating the west end of the church; so high, indeed, is its structure that an incumbent of many years ago never cared to mount the dizzy height of this first roundel of the ladder to heaven, but baptised with a common basin placed on the first step, as he feared to fall. The canopy is of later design, being presented early in the seventeenth century by Jane, wife of a Sir Henry Sidney; it bears the inscription of "Ex dono Janæ Dominae Sidney in piæ mentis indicium." The alabaster tomb of Dame Sidney and her husband, as seen in the illustration, is placed in what may be termed one of the two transepts of Walsingham church, both of which are connected with the choir and aisles of the building. Norfolk, having to depend entirely on imported stone, was not rich in monumental



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THE GATEHOUSE FROM THE COURTYARD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

tombs and effigies of the best period, though particularly wealthy in monumental brasses like all the Eastern Counties; but at the Renaissance the Norfolk magnates built a considerable number of tombs of that period, which they in many cases took care to rear before their death, so as to be mindful of their dissolution, as they expressed it. Such erections in alabaster were very costly and elaborate; as if they, and perchance rightly, considered their survivors might be negligent in the matter. The ancient city of Norwich alone has specimens of almost every variety of tombs. Jacobean and Elizabethan, many being exceedingly pagan in design and sentiment, though the earlier show a quaint but better expression of what is suitable in a monument. At Walsingham Sir Henry and his lady are represented in the typical fashion of the time, she in ruff and pointed stomacher, her hands raised in prayer, while Sir Henry lies on a mattress of rushes in full armour, also wearing the ruff then in fashion, and his head resting on his gloves and helmet, his hands likewise raised in prayer. The whole monument is executed with elaborate finish, and on a large escutcheon in the centre are his achievements. If the tomb of the Sidneys is a characteristic specimen of its day, the epitaph certainly does not lack the peculiar ring of expression common to the same period, since, after expressing

with sufficient propriety Sir Henry's hope in joining the elect, he is mindful to inform us that he is descended from the same "stemme" as "Viscount Lisle Baron of Penhurst in Kent, Lord Chamberlain of the Queen's Majesty, and Governor of Flushing," and after an unblushing panegyric on his own virtues, and the goodness he extended to others, it is further stated he made a comfortable farewell at the term of fifty-nine years. Furthermore, we learn that Dame Jane, after a "peregrination," so termed, of seventy-three years, twenty-eight being spent



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LITTLE WALSINGHAM: THE FONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Eastern Counties were generally coloured. The ruin that has befallen many a great building, often of a size that far exceeds the generality of English parish churches elsewhere, is, indeed, deplorable, and when these churches have been restored in modern times, their appearance is, if cleaner than before, scarcely changed for the better, since the ruined remains had at least the sentiment of an art and zeal long past, while the meagre restoration is generally devoid of either. In extenuation, however, be it said, that Norfolk is no longer the rich and populated province

with her spouse, and twenty-eight continuing his name in a most chaste and retired widowhood. departed this life, in which no one could have lived more christianly or died more happily. The inscription, in fact, shows a contrast to the prayerful style of earlier days with its simple "Hic Jacet" and "Cuius anime propicietur Deus."

The transept in which stands the Sidney monument is enclosed by a screen which, in miniature, is of a character with the large rood-screens frequently found in Norfolk. They have a style distinct from those of the South of England, and in their painting and ornament have a peculiar Flemish treatment with an English adaptation. They commonly belonged to the latter part of the fifteenth century, and were in their prime rich in gilding and colour, their panels filled with apostles and saints, and sometimes the hierarchy of angels. The church at Walsingham had formerly an elaborate rood and screens, but these highly-ornate works suffered badly from Puritan hands, and scarcely any remain in the county that have not been seriously and woefully damaged. As Norfolk churches for the most part appertain to the late Decorated period, they depended largely on their furniture and colour to give them effect. Of stained glass there was once a profusion; but what is distinctly remarkable in these buildings is the woodwork, and especially their roofs, which throughout the

of past centuries, when it possessed its full share of wealthy and influential families.

The parsonage house of Great Snoring is to be found in the near neighbourhood of East Barsham, both houses being of the same period, though the latter was begun earlier than the former. Built in the reign of Henry VIII. by Sir Ralph Shelton, a member of a distinguished and ancient race, the family rebus of the shell and tun is still to be traced in many parts of the building; and in the lower portion of the upper frieze, which is sadly mutilated, runs a border, formed of their coat armour in repetition, of a cross or on an azure field, supported between two talbots. The original plan of the house is not traceable as a whole, but the south elevation and octagonal turret at the south-east angle is sufficiently preserved to show what the building

was like in its better days. Other ruined turrets are said to have been remembered by the aged as far back as the thirties of the last century. It is now the rectory of the parish church that immediately adjoins it, and as such it is stated by the modern Postal Directory to have been considerably enlarged and beautified by a former rector in 1853, and its elaborate south front in part restored; but, as a cursory glance will show that Sir Ralph Shelton had no hand in this so-called enlargement and beautifying, the question in point of history can rest, and the present age at least feel thankful that so much has been allowed to remain of what is beautiful and architectural even in its decay.

Like the majority of Norfolk houses, Great Snoring is of brick, and has in one part of its ornamentation a distinctive



Italian treatment, the upper frieze of the building being decorated with heads and Renaissance ornamentation. The only turret of which the upper part remains has lost its terminations, and the upper shafts of the chimneys have been modernised. The ornaments of the house are for the most part made of moulded tiles fitted together as at East Barsham.

The family of Shelton were anciently of Stradbroke in Suffolk. They, however, got their name in early times from the village of Shelton in Norfolk, where they are often mentioned in various transactions of the early part of the thirteenth century. Great Snoring came originally into the possession of a Sir Ralph Shelton of Shelton on the death of his cousin, Hugh de Bourgoyon, a member of an ancient family that had flourished there a length of time. As a family, the Sheltons are well known to history. They intermarried with many ancient and knightly families of their day, and it is of interest that, among the many Norfolk matches they formed, Sir John Shelton in 1504, who was made Knight of the Bath at the coronation of Henry VIII., married Anne, a daughter of Sir William Boleyn, Knight, of Blickling, Norfolk, sister to Sir Thomas Boleyn, Earl of Wilts and Ormond. As soldiers they played a distinguished rôle, and

they have had their day, and it is a matter for congratulation that they are now held in the respect which is due to venerable age.

THE DABCHICK.

THE favourite summer haunts of the little grebe are the smaller lakes or ponds, and the more these are fringed and overgrown with sedges and other water plants, the better they are adapted to its requirements. It is an adept in the art of keeping out of sight, and it is wonderful how often a pair will have their nest, and bring up a brood, in a small wayside pool, without their presence attracting attention, or even having been suspected by any but the closest observer. To those familiar with the birds their shrill call-notes in spring will almost certainly betray their presence; and the nest, once you know its appearance, is not difficult to find, though until you have seen one you are very apt to pass it by unnoticed. The site chosen is almost invariably towards the free or open side of a bed of weeds, whence the bird, if disturbed, can



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GREAT SNORING PARSONAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the first possessor of Great Snoring was present at Crecy in the King's own company, in which, perchance, he ran no great risk on that eventful day. He was, however, also present at Poitiers, where he made a prisoner of one John Rocourt. Great Snoring continued in the family of Shelton until the year 1611, when another Sir Ralph of that day declared he "could sleep without Snoring," and sold it to a Sir Thomas Richardson, a serjeant-at-law, who later became Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench. The name of Great Snoring has been the cause of many puns from early times. In 1801, a rector of the place published a collection of sermons, and when a local newspaper reported the fact, it was further remarked that the name of the preacher's residence was probably expressive of the effect of his dissertations.

Both East Barsham and Great Snoring are buildings unique of their kind in Norfolk. They were erected when the county was in the heyday of its prosperity, rich in wool and mercantile affairs, wealthy and powerful families being numerous. Such buildings have an interest as appertaining to a past in which, whatever were the drawbacks, public or private, it was at least possible to build English homes of this nature, and to invest them with dignity and artistic beauty. Like much else in this world,

escape without difficulty to the more open water. Should there be a submerged branch in such a situation, it is frequently made use of as a foundation for the otherwise almost floating nest; but where no such convenient foundation is to be found, it is often built up from, and resting upon, the bottom, in 2ft. or 3ft. of water. At other times it is fixed to the roots or stems of reeds or other herbage. In any case, it is a large collection of half-decaying vegetable matter, whose top rises just sufficiently above the surface to afford a very wet, and uncomfortable-looking, receptacle for the eggs. The latter are often almost awash, and the slight hollow in the mass of weeds in which they are contained is always damp, to say the least of it. In addition to this, the eggs are always covered over, before the bird leaves them, with some of the wet materials from the side of the nest, the whole then presenting so un-nestlike an appearance that it will almost certainly be passed without suspicion by anyone who has not seen a grebe's nest before. When newly laid, the eggs are white, but they soon become stained to a dirty brown by contact with their surroundings. They are usually five or six in number. Viewed from the inside, the shell is a bright green. The rapidity with which the grebe manages to cover up her treasures, before gliding herself beneath the water, upon the sudden appearance



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RENAISSANCE FRIEZE AND TURRET.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of danger, requires almost to be seen to be believed. From having watched the operation more than once at close quarters, I am satisfied that the covering materials are designedly placed handy, in front of the bird, so as to be within reach at a moment's notice. A second nest, or perhaps more than one, usually less carefully finished than that which contains the eggs, is often found within a few yards, and has been supposed to be used as a seat, or outlook station, by the male bird while the hen is sitting; but, personally, I have never noticed any such use made of it. Such false nests are commonly made by many species of birds without, apparently, any very definite object; but, in the case of the little grebe, I once found that, the original nest having been destroyed when only one egg had been laid, the "cock's seat" was hastily finished, and next morning was found to contain an egg, and the remainder of the clutch were subsequently laid therein, and a brood duly hatched. That the nest, though always wet and clammy, is not the cold and uncomfortable structure that it looks, has been proved by Mr. Southwell (Stevenson's "Birds of Norfolk"); for upon testing with his thermometer three nests of the great crested grebe (which are very similar to those of the dabchick) he found that the temperature was, in each case, from 9deg. to 15deg. higher than that of a dry and cosy-looking coot's nest, from which the sitting bird had just been disturbed, the increased temperature being due to the heat generated by the fermentation of the mass of decaying vegetation forming the grebe's nest, and which virtually constituted it a miniature hot-bed.

The young grebes leave the nest very soon after they are hatched, and follow their parents about upon the water, returning to it occasionally to rest, and often roosting upon it at night. Their food consists at first almost entirely of insects and their larvæ, with, perhaps, a small quantity of vegetable matter, and their parents are both most assiduous in diving after and bringing up food for them. A low but shrill "whit, whit" is the call by which the young are summoned by their parents to partake of the morsel which has been caught, the young responding with a feeble "teri, teri, teri," as they scuttle across the water to receive it. As is the case with most other water-birds, the food is not actually placed in the bills of the young grebes by their parents, but is laid upon the surface beside them, whence they soon learn to pick it for themselves.

I once came upon a pair of dabchicks, attended by five young ones, in a small pond, which was only scantily furnished with weeds upon one side, and which, consequently, afforded an exceptionally good opportunity of watching their movements. The chicks were only a few days old, and it was most interesting to see how completely the usual shyness of the old birds disappeared in their anxiety for their offspring. Upon my suddenly showing myself, when the young were together near the middle of the pond, the female fishing under water, and the male at some distance off, near the weeds, he immediately hastened towards them, uttering cries of warning, and very quickly got two of the young upon his back, with which he swam off to the shelter of the reeds. Meanwhile the female, appearing

from below, hastily collected the remaining three young ones upon her back, and was making off with them, when I caused her to dive instantly by a sudden gesture. On her reappearance, about 10yds. further off, one of the chicks was still safely beneath her wings, while a second was close behind her, and, apparently, holding on to her side feathers; the third had evidently lost its hold under water, and came up about 2yds. away from the rest. All were, however, very quickly upon their mother's back again, and with wings slightly raised, somewhat swan-fashion, she swam off with her load to the reeds. On the back of their parent the young lie so close, and are so completely hidden, that it is difficult to believe they are there till you see them get off and scramble up again.

The food of the dabchick consists chiefly of water insects, tadpoles, and small fish; and on quite a number of occasions one of the birds has been found dead, having been choked in attempting to swallow the large-headed miller's thumb (*Cotus gobis*). Minnows are a favourite source of supply, and some vegetable matter is also eaten.

In ordinary swimming the feet are used alternately, as in walking; but I have noticed that when closely pressed, and when the most strenuous efforts to escape were being made, both feet were propelled backwards at the same time, causing the bird to shoot forward in a succession of jumps. The wings are said to be sometimes used under water, as is the habit of the water-hen and many other diving birds, but, personally, I have never witnessed this, though I have seen grebes so tired out, by being kept under water for some time, that they have eventually been taken by hand. Though seldom resorting to flight as a means of escape, and comparatively rarely seen upon the wing, the little grebe is still able to make considerable journeys through the air upon occasion; and certainly migrates, at least locally, throughout the country. They have occasionally been killed by flying against lighthouses during the night, and I once knew one caught amongst the heather, in autumn, upon a high hillside far away from any piece of water which it could have frequented. Upon land, though then rather resembling a fish out of water, it is able, like most of its congeners, to stand erect, and walk, or even run, with considerable ease. It is, however, in the water that the little grebe is most at home, and, as Drayton has it:

"The diving dobchick here among the rest yow see,
Now up, now down again, that hard it is to prove
Whether under water most it liveth, or above."

A hare is called a mawkin in some parts of Scotland, and "the mither o' the mawkins" is a fairy, gnome, or witch, a designation which has been bestowed upon the dabchick from its capacity for suddenly diving and reappearing again. From the same cause it is called the dooker (=ducker) or little-dooker.

"The dooker, o' the arsefoot birds
Is sine the king, an' a' kens
He's ca'd fra his uncanny ways
The mither o' the mawkins."

LICHEN GREY.

THE GIPSY AND THE COMMON.

IT is undoubtedly a loss to the picturesque-ness of English country life, however much it may add to its comfort, that its wayfaring people are, with one exception, decidedly degenerating. Needless to say, the exception is found in the common tramp, who during recent years has multiplied exceedingly, and we have often felt that he is the most disagreeable of those who traverse the road. During the present summer it appeared to us, when travelling within a radius of



E. W. Taylor.

THE MIDDAY MEAL.

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fifty miles around London, that the sturdy beggars—who, by the by, regardless of any law on the subject beg unblushingly—have almost invariably borne the mark of Cain on their foreheads, or, rather, the stamp not only of poverty, but of crime, that comes from residence in the town slum. If the majority of them are not addicted to the art which Mr. Fagin tried to inculcate into the young Oliver Twist, all that can be said is that they have a good action for libel against their faces. In this respect the tramp

seems to be on the down grade. Once upon a time—and that not long ago—numbers of those who were apparently reduced to the last shifts for a living were unfortunately but perfectly harmless people, who frequently bore on their faces and figures the impress of the honest work they had done. A moderately good discoverer could tell that one was a sailor, one a builder, one an engine-fitter; and even of those who made tramp-ing a profession, and oscillated in the summer months between the outskirts of London and the outskirts of Edinburgh—travelling North for employment on one journey and travelling South for employment on the other—the worst that could be said was that they were lazy ne'er-do-wells who preferred their shifting, wandering life to honest toil, but who, nevertheless, did not belong to a criminal or wholly vicious class. Numbers of the vicious are abroad to-day, and so much is this the case that in many apparently quiet and remote districts it is



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NEWS OF A MATE IN TROUBLE.

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that people were in want of, and yet had no shop whereat they could be bought—boot-laces, pins, needles, paper, pens, and ink, and a thousand other trifles. That kind of pedlar existed long after the Autolycus of Shakespeare's play with "fine knacks for ladies" had gone the way of all flesh. It is many a long day now since the countrywoman with any pretence to fashion or modishness bought her finery from the wandering

scarcely safe for a woman to go out alone when she has anything to tempt a robber. Perhaps it is because employment has been so scarce for some time past that these disreputable ranks have been swelled. The rest of the migratory part of the English population have been gradually brought into the position of house-dwellers. The ordinary pedlar may be taken as an example. He used to be a familiar and even welcome figure at the wayside cottages, the hamlets, or the farm-places, to which, in his wallet or pack, he carried a hundred little necessities



C. J. Reade.

NO MAN'S LAND.

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WHERE SHEEP ARE COMMONABLE.

pedlar, though the pedlar of cottage necessities still leads a precarious existence.

So, too, the genuine gipsy who delighted the mind of George Borrow has departed, probably never to return. He used not to be by any means a welcome figure as his old cart or rickety caravan came jolting into the village, drawn by a horse so lean that its bones appeared to be forcing their way through the skin, and followed by three slouching lurchers that seemed to be expecting kicks from every passer-by, and yet, obviously enough, on a shiny night at the season of the year could account for hares and rabbits by the dozen. The arrival of such a party, consisting usually of one or two men with their women and a horde of children packed so tightly that to number them was almost impossible, was a signal for every gamekeeper to be on the alert, and warned the farmer's wife to see that her turkeys were not roosting out in the trees, and that her chicken-house

was duly locked. Such of these as were of true gipsy blood have well nigh departed. The law has been too much for them. No longer are they permitted to camp at their own sweet will, to fix their tents as dwellers at the corners of woods, to regard commons as their peculiar property, and to alight upon any waste which they feel inclined to treat as a "No man's land." Metaphorically and literally the policeman has issued a stern command to them to "move on." They have to send their children to school and to submit to a hundred regulations that their forefathers escaped, with the result that many of them have forsaken the old open-air life and have come into towns, some to thrive and swell the industrial population, others, it is to be feared, to go to the other side of the balance. But their places have not been left unfilled. There are half-bloods and estrays from town civilisation who still wander with tents about England, and particularly about the home counties,



SOLITUDE.

carrying with them baskets and household utensils, which they sell in the villages and small towns; and although the law permits of their being moved on from any common or waste land, it is not always put in motion. During the last few days we have seen them within twenty-five miles of London, camping in apparent comfort on a common, of which a day before a monopoly seemed to be held by a golf club. In character, as far as can be judged by externals, they differ very little from the old itinerant gipsies; the men have the same cowed and slouching look, the women are curious-looking drabs, and the children as ill-clothed and as unkempt as those of any of the tribe of Meg Merrilies. They still have dogs with them, but we are bound to admit that, though a large proportion of these animals are still evidently intended for poaching, as increasing number are not. These people commonly go by the name of gipsies, but seem really to be part of the outskirts of the working population, and there is a considerable difference between them and those who used to occupy the place they are filling now. The gipsies, for instance, were excellent basket-makers, and turned out many beautiful baskets, made by hand. These were manufactured sometimes of willow, cut from the withy beds that used to be cultivated for the purpose, and sometimes of straw plaiting, while occasionally hazel was employed. But machinery has ousted the hand-made article in this instance, as it has done in many others, and the "gipsy" caravan of to-day goes about with quantities of stuff that has obviously come from the factories, basket chairs being as cheap and common as baskets themselves. So with the crockery. A very great deal of encouragement used to be given to the local pottery, and it is surprising to find how many districts in England had characteristic work of their own. But to-day the demand for excessive cheapness has sent these vendors to purchase their goods from great factories, which turn out articles by the thousand, all without the least difference in construction or appearance. One cannot but be struck by the consequent characterlessness of the material to be found to-day in an ordinary cottage, where everything is of the cheapest possible kind, and undoubtedly machine-made.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

AN exceptionally interesting addition has been made to the new series of "English Men of Letters" in

Andrew Marvell (Macmillan, 2s. net), by Mr. Augustine Birrell. Marvell, in many respects, offered a subject that appears to have been made for Mr. Birrell's hand. He was a wit and satirist of the time of the Commonwealth and the Restoration. He was a diplomatist and a man of letters, a member of Parliament, and, generally speaking, a man of consummate taste, who stood in the forefront of the culture of his time, a friend and assistant of John Milton, and acquainted with all the choice spirits of an age very fruitful in them. Mr. Birrell has evidently devoted a great deal of research to the subject, and he writes of the period with as much familiarity as though he were dealing with the Victorian era. Moreover, it is only just to admit the perfect fairness and impartiality with which he traverses those difficult paths; the more to his credit inasmuch as the political differences established during the Protectorate of Oliver Cromwell are echoed in no undecided terms to-day. The Cavalier of King Edward's time may not wear his hair long or use the oaths that were prevalent in the army of the fiery Rupert, but he still exists, although modified with the change of time and circumstance; while the Roundheads, though they no longer use the long-winded discourses and make the quotations familiar in Monk's army, are still represented by a great body of Liberal opinion, and, Mr. Birrell being an avowed partisan himself, it might have been thought that prejudice would to some extent have got the better of his judgment. But this is not so. Reading his accounts with the most jealous care, we do not find that he favoured one side more than another, and, far from repressing or distorting facts, throws a clearer light on many disputed points. All the same, in a series whose principal aim is literature, we regard it as something to be

regretted that Mr. Birrell should consider in such detail the political events and personages of the time, while not devoting as much space as would have been desirable to Andrew Marvell as a man of letters pure and simple. In justification he might argue that few figures are so dim and elusive as that of this poet. He has left behind him a shadow of a great name, but his personality remained shrouded to a great extent during his life, and is still undiscovered. He emphatically used language as much to conceal thoughts as to reveal them. During the long course of years in which he served as Member of Parliament for Hull he wrote some hundreds of letters to his constituents, giving an account of what the Legislative Assembly was doing, but he seems to have regarded himself purely and simply as their paid servant, who was not entitled to colour the report of the proceedings by independent thought or opinion of his own. We can read these letters through and through without discovering more of the man than that he had an extraordinary power of self-effacement, and that he could summarise those events which were antagonistic to him as coldly and impartially as those which he must have welcomed. Yet it would seem that he was not so very quiet and unobtrusive in his personal demeanour, if we may draw any inference from a rowdy scene in the House of Commons wherein he was accused of striking one of his colleagues, and himself confessed to having "playfully beaten him with his hat." He shows himself in the proceedings that ensued to be a bold and reckless speaker when he did open his mouth; he finished his explanation or apology with the disparaging remark that "As the Speaker keeps us in order, he will keep himself in order for the future," but this seems to have been almost the only occasion on which Marvell broke



E. W. Taylor.

A HALT FOR REFRESHMENT.

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silence in the House. At other times he was a silent member, but one who kept a very vigilant watch over what went on. Here, however, it is less as politician than as a man of letters that we would like to consider him. The best known of his poems is that inscribed to his Coy Mistress:

"Had we but world enough and time,
This coyness, lady, were not crime.
We would sit down and think which way
To walk, and pass our long love's day.
Thou by the Indian Ganges' side
Should'st rubies find: I by the tide
Of Humber would complain. I would
Love you ten years before the Flood,
And you should, if you please, refuse
Till the conversion of the Jews.
My vegetable love should grow
Vaster than empires and more slow.
An hundred years should go to praise
Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze;
Two hundred to adore each breast,
But thirty thousand to the rest;
An age at least to every part,
And the last age should show your heart.
For, lady, you deserve this state,
Nor would I love at lower rate."

Here we have his playfulness, his wit, and his humour at their best. By the by, it is in keeping with the little we know of his character, that he left it in doubt whether his mistress had gone to the altar with him or not. It must be acknowledged, however, that these facts afford very slight material on which to form an estimate of Marvell's character. Nor can much be made out by

the contemporary accounts of it. Aubrey says he was "of middling stature, pretty strong-set, roundish faced, cherry-cheeked, hazell eye, brown hair. He was, in his conversation, very modest, and of very few words. Though he loved wine, he would never drink hard in company, and was wont to say that he would not play the good fellow in any man's company in whose hands he would not trust his life. He kept bottles of wine at his lodgings, and many times he would drink liberally by himself, and to refresh his spirit and exalt his muse. James Harrington (author of 'Oceana') was his intimate friend; J. Pell, D.D., was one of his acquaintances. He had not a general acquaintance." In genius he resembled Herrick more than any other man that we can think of in English literature. His poem on "Exile" contains at least two lines that the public never forgets:

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied."

His "Horatian Ode" also contains a couple of lines that have swollen the bulk of stock quotations:

"That thence the royal actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn,
While round the armed bands,
Did clap their bloody hands:
He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try;
Nor called the gods with vulgar spite
To vindicate his helpless right,
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed."

Mr. Birrell properly enough remarks that in the whole compass of our poetry there is nothing quite like Marvell's love of gardens and woods, of meads and rivers and birds; and his poem, "The Garden," besides giving evidence of this intense love of Nature, helps us in a measure to realise the sort of pleasures that the courtiers of Charles II. delighted in:

"Bind me, ye woodbines, in your twines,
Curb me about, ye gadding vines,
And oh, so close your circles lace,
That I may never leave this place!
But, lest your fetters prove too weak,
Ere I your silken bondage break,
Do you, O brambles, chain me too,
And, courteous briars, nail me through.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings."

Two other lines are notable, because of Mark Pattison's caustic remark that they prove nothing except that Marvell, as a boy, went bird-nesting:

"And through the hazels thick espy
The hatching thristle's shining eye."

Taken altogether, then, it may be held that in this volume Mr. Augustine Birrell has been successful in adding another good biography to the few that there are in English literature. It was no fault of his that Andrew Marvell's personality is obscure and difficult to grasp, and that, after all our reading, he remains only a dim figure in the past, one that fits in well, however, with the troublous times in which he lived.

We cannot do better than conclude with an extract showing how Mr. Birrell sums up the position of Marvell as a writer of prose:

"As a prose writer Marvell has many merits, and one great fault. He has fire and fancy, and was the owner and master of a precise vocabulary well fitted to clothe and set forth a well-reasoned and lofty argument. He knew how to be both terse and diffuse, and can compress himself into a line or expand over a paragraph. He has touches of a grave irony as well as of a boisterous humour. He can tell an anecdote and elaborate a parable. Swift, we know, had not only Butler's 'Hudibras' by heart, but was also (we may be sure) a close student of Marvell's prose. His great fault is a very common one. He is too long. He forgets how quickly a reader grows tired. He is so interested in the evolutions of his own mind that he forgets his audience. His interest at times seems as if it were going to prove endless. It is the first business of an author to arrest and then to retain the attention of the reader. To do this requires great artifice.

Among the masters of English prose it would be rash to rank Marvell, who was neither a Hooker nor a Taylor. None the less he was the owner of a prose style which some people think the best prose style of all—that of honest men who have something to say."

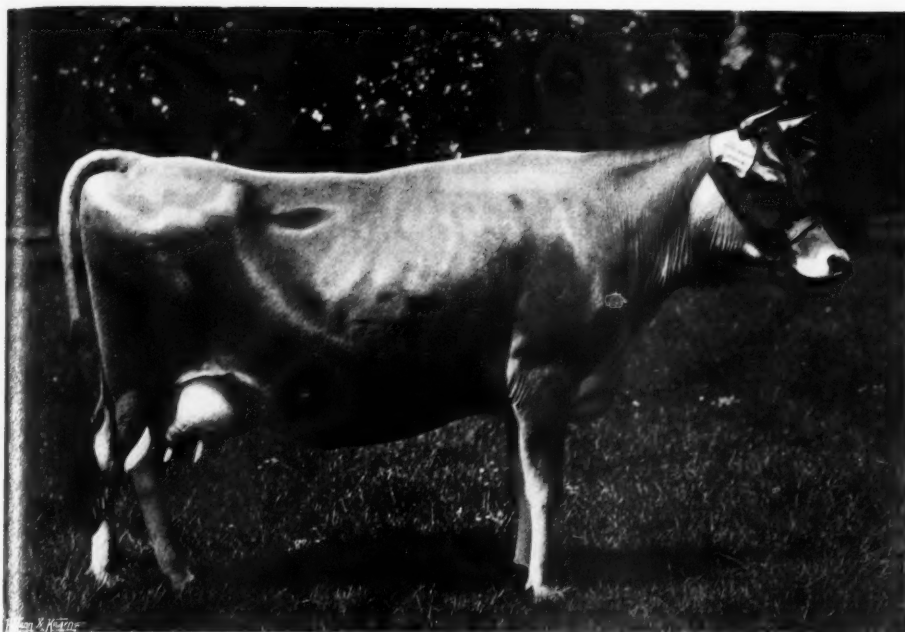
FROM THE FARMS.

THE DAIRY SHOW.

NEXT week the Agricultural Hall will be a great centre of interest, when the thirtieth annual Dairy Show will be held from Tuesday to Friday. This is one of the most popular agricultural exhibitions in existence, and never fails to draw a large audience, both of country people and of townsfolk. It has been well managed since the beginning, and combines the practical side of agriculture with attention to points in a degree which is not excelled anywhere else. The general meeting of members of the British Dairy Farmers' Association will be held on Wednesday, when Lord Winchester will be proposed as president of the association for 1906, in succession to the retiring president, Lord Northbourne.



MILKING-TIME IN HOLLAND.



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A MILKER.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Judging from the entries already made, we are safe in assuming that the show will be at least equal, as far as quality is concerned, to any that have gone before. Increasing attention will be paid to the produce of the ap'ary and the smaller branches of agriculture; but it is to be feared that there will be a falling off in the show of poultry, which never seems to have been quite so popular as it was at the beginning of the modern movement in favour of poultry-keeping. For one thing, many owners of poultry refuse to allow their birds to be shut up for so great a length of time in a stuffy room. This does not apply exclusively or chiefly to the Dairy Show, but to all other exhibitions. Complaint is general that birds seldom come away quite so healthy as they are when they go to them.

THE NEW WHEAT.

On the farms at the present moment the most interesting task is that of threshing out the new wheat. It is not proving to be a highly-satisfactory process, as the yield falls considerably short of what was expected at the beginning of the harvest, when it was thought that the crops would turn out exceptionally good. This result is all the more disappointing, inasmuch as the price of wheat continues to go down. Last week it was returned as only a little over 26s. a quarter, more than 2s. 6d. less than it was for the corresponding week last season, and showing a fall even from the previous week. This cannot but be extremely disappointing to the English farmer, who had every reason to expect that the upward turn prices took last year would be maintained. The fall, however, we are inclined to consider purely temporary in character, as there are many influences at work which are likely to enhance the price of wheat before the year is out. Meantime husbandmen have been encouraged by the character of the weather to sow liberally. It has been extremely cold for the time of year, and we notice that the foliage on the trees has begun to discolour somewhat sooner than usual, and very suddenly; but the rain has not been sufficient to interfere with the sowing, and, as a matter of fact, the ploughshares are busily at work in many of the fields. Winter crops, too, have been largely sown for the forage of stock, and altogether the beginning of the autumn has been rather a busy time, although we are sorry to learn that many farmers have already begun to pay off the casual labourer. Prices have been reduced to so fine a margin that we can scarcely blame them, as, if the labour bill is not kept within severe limits, the making of a profit becomes practically impossible.

SHEEP DIPPING.

The Board of Agriculture and Fisheries has issued a timely leaflet on this interesting subject, from which we extract the general conclusions drawn, referring such of our readers as are flock-masters

to the paper itself for a careful description of the parasites, which are the ked, the sheep-tick, lice, and maggots, and the following is a summary of the advice given:

"Tar acid (carbolic) dips are effective in destroying all sheep parasites, and, when skillfully prepared, leave the wool and skin in a nice condition. The strength should, however, be carefully regulated to prevent irritation to the sheep. Nos. X. and XIII. were found to be the best, though X. discoloured the wool somewhat.

Spirits of tar and pitch oil are apt to discolour the wool and reduce its value.

The arsenic and sulphur dips are thoroughly effective in curing scab and destroying other parasites, but the experiments clearly show that the use of strong dips of this character is attended with some danger when treating sheep affected with scab, especially if they are in low condition or have sores on them. These dips had no deleterious effects on the quality of the wool. (On the subject of preparing wool for market see Leaflet 82.)

Tobacco and Hellebore dips, if properly compounded, may also be regarded as quite satisfactory."

In conclusion the farmers are advised to use such of the proprietary dips as have been approved by the Board of Agriculture, and bear a label to that effect. The time of immersion of the sheep in the bath varies to some extent with the dip, and most makers of dips recommend a minute, though less will often suffice, except where scab is concerned.

COUNTRY COTTAGES.

By SIR WILLIAM GRANTHAM.

THE necessity to provide comfortable and sufficient homes for the labourers in the country has fortunately taken such hold of the public mind that it is unnecessary for me now to say much upon that part of the subject. But as it is necessary to go to the root of a disease if you wish to cure the sufferer, so it is desirable to say a few words on the origin of this paucity of labourers' cottages in the country, and on the bad condition in which so many of them are still to be found. There have been so many changes in the ownership and occupation of land in England during the last century—I might say, more particularly during the last half-century—that few probably of the present owners of land have any idea of how the poor lived before that date, or the state—bordering on destitution—to which the system of outdoor relief had brought the agricultural part of the country. It seems strange that peace should so often bring great distress on a country after war; but there can be no doubt that distress often does follow the advent of peace, and after the long



Dr. Leon.

OLD COTTAGES IMPROVED.

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European wars which closed, as far as this country was concerned, in 1815, England, and particularly agricultural England, undoubtedly suffered from a long period of distress. The operating cause was to be found in the character of the Poor Laws in force before the passing of the Poor Law Act of 4th and 5th William IV., which did away with parish workhouses and general out-relief and established union workhouses and only exceptional out-relief. Owing to the system of outdoor relief previously in force, the rates increased by leaps and bounds, and most of the labourers in a parish were more or less in receipt of relief, either in money or kind, or by the farmers having allowances in aid of wages if they employed them. If a labourer had more children than he could house or keep, they were often sent to the parish workhouse, where they lived during the winter, and were let out by the guardians to the farmers in the summer, who fed and partly clothed them, but gave them practically no wages. Strange to say, too, by the irony of our laws at that time, the man and woman living together, whether married or not, who had an illegitimate family to maintain, received a greater amount of relief from the guardians than those whose children were born in lawful wedlock. In these circumstances the landowners and farmers were against the building of cottages, because every cottage that was built brought another family on the rates. Consequently, cottages that were built were put up by people who were not much affected by the liability to rates, such as small builders, and others of a like position, who obtained from the lord of the manor grants of small and otherwise useless pieces of the waste land by the roadside.

Although the payment to the lord was so small, sixpence or a shilling a year, yet the fees to the steward of the manor were so large in proportion (as many pounds sometimes as pence to the lord) that there was not much difficulty in getting the grants made. On these small strips of land cottages were erected as cheaply as they could be, and were soon occupied at low rents by labourers who had no settled home, or were not engaged regularly on any farm. Many farms, even of good size, had only two or three cottages belonging to them, which were occupied by the leading hands, such as carters or shepherds; but besides these men, many of the men and girls engaged on the farm were boarded and lodged in the farmhouse.

Although a great reduction in the amount of rates took place after the passing of the Poor Law Act, yet the old objection to

became more independent, and resented the want of independence they suffered from when living in the farmhouse, to say nothing of the monotony in their food, which usually consisted of pickled pork in pudding or pies, or plain boiled pork, hot or cold, with suet puddings and cheese, water-cider or thin beer being their drink; while, at the same time, the farmer's wife began to grumble at having to provide and do for a lot of not over-clean labouring men; so that gradually this custom was



M. Léon.

THE CONDEMNED COTTAGES.

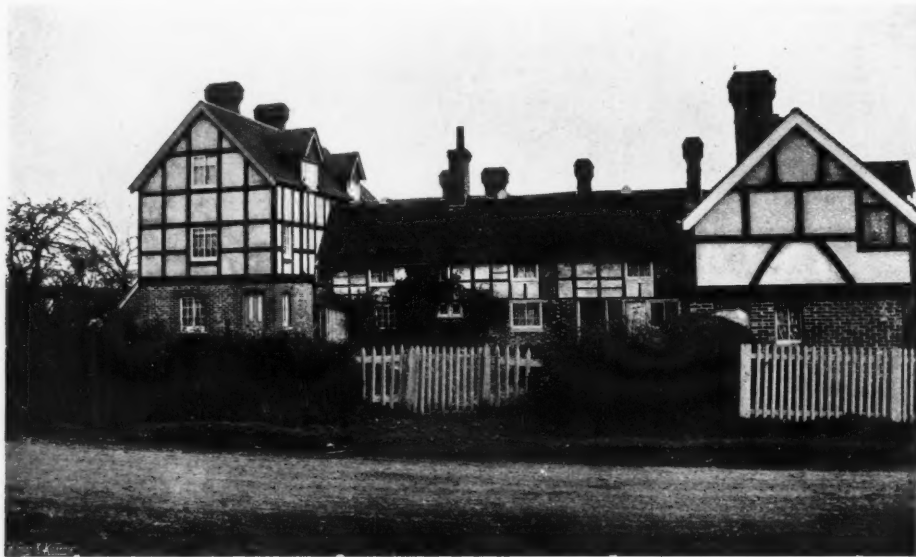
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given up, and as the farmer ceased to board and lodge his men, so more cottages were required.

As the wages paid, however, were still low, the tenant was unable to pay a rent that would remunerate the landlord who wished to build a good house for his labourer; except on the estates of wealthy landowners who took a pride in seeing that their labourers were comfortably housed, cottages got worse rather than better; and, with the exception of the speculative builder, who built in a few chosen districts, few new cottages were erected. Now, as rents have gone down more than ever (in the Southern part of England, at any rate), the difficulty of building cottages has become greater than ever. My attention was first forcibly drawn to the condition of the old cottages a good many years ago, by what I am afraid were only typical instances of the dilapidation of the old cottage and the want of any proper water supply for its inmates. I was calling on the tenant of a small cottage which, with a few fields, I had just bought near my own property. I found the man in bed, a martyr to rheumatism, and the once whitewashed

walls of the cottage were almost streaming with moisture, whilst for water, except what was caught in a tub, the man or his wife had to walk a long distance. In that state the family had existed for years. After making the house dry, the next thing was to find water. I had not then had the valuable and useful experience of the "dowser" in water-finding by the use of a twig that I have since had, and made constant use of; yet, having dug so many wells for cottages that previously had no water, my old well-digger and I generally had good luck in sinking in the right place, and on this occasion we found good water at 15ft. to 20ft. from the surface, and within 20yds. of the house. In the other case, I had also just bought a cottage and a little land, and calling on the tenant found him in bed very ill, and supposed to be so from drinking bad water. There, again, the man or his wife had to walk a considerable distance to get good water, as the spring in their garden was so putrid that even the animals would not drink it. My friend

the well-sinker was at once sent for, as I found that what was called their spring contained 1 ft. of evil-smelling mud, and 1 ft. of equally bad water at the top—the accumulation, doubtless, of years of decayed vegetation. Here, again, we were lucky, for we found good water very near the house—15ft. Both cases showed what misery had been inflicted on the tenants for years for the want of a little common-sense, as well as sense of duty in those to whom the property formerly belonged. Within



M. Léon. OLD WORKHOUSE NOW TURNED INTO COTTAGES.

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building cottages remained, and as the abolition of the Corn Laws followed within ten years, rents had to be again reduced, and both landlord and tenant were so impoverished that wages were still very low, and no improvement in, or increase of, the number of cottages could be expected. During the Crimean War, however, agriculture had a great revival, farmers in particular had a much better time, and in most counties agricultural wages began to improve. Then another difficulty arose, for the men

the last quarter of a century agricultural wages have risen, however, most remarkably; but then another difficulty has arisen, partly from the higher standard of living required by the agricultural labourer, which has risen quite as fast as his wages, and also from the higher standard of sanitation and decency required by modern ideas of life.

Instead of the one or two bedrooms with a kitchen with which people were content in former days, we are expected now to provide three bedrooms, besides kitchen and parlour, or a large kitchen and sitting-room combined, and suitable sanitary arrangements besides. Apart from the increased cost of building nowadays, such buildings must cost much more than the old jerry-built cottages of the past. Bye-laws, no doubt, have also restricted the number of new cottages that would have been built. Not that many people (I hope now) object to laws that prevent the erection of unhealthy cottages; but it is the worrying and petty interfering interference of the officials of many councils, and the hard-and-fast rules on which the bye-laws are based, which, however applicable they may be to some districts or parts of districts, are quite unsuitable for many places where landowners are desirous of erecting cottages. Some bye-laws actually require from 8ft. to 9ft. for the height of a cottage room, whereas 7ft. 3in. or 7ft. 6in. is ample if you have your window opening nearly up to ceiling level. And, again, look at the foolish restrictions as to floor space, regardless of the way it affects attics, often necessitating the reduction of the cubical contents of the room, although the ventilation proposed would be ample for the original size and shape of room. It is said you must have a hard-and-fast rule, because you cannot trust your rural councils to have any discretion as to the application of their bye-laws. But though you do not give them any discretion they constantly take it, and often put their laws in force or not as it suits the caprice of the members or their officials. How then are cottages to be erected? Many people looked to the Cottage Exhibition at Letchworth to tell them how to erect cheap and good cottages for £150, with all the improvements that modern ideas required. I was much interested in it, attending the opening of the exhibition by the Duke of Devonshire, and although I have not been able to go there since my hopes of finding relief in cheaper building were much disappointed, though I think that much good will be derived from the exhibition, as it has turned so many people's attention to the problem, and many good ideas were to be picked up there. The £150 cottage it turned out cost £172, if you added builders' and architects' fees and profits, and I must own that I went away with the impression that the life of many of the cottages without frequent repairs would be much shorter than that of the ordinary brick cottage that I have been accustomed to build. I cannot build cottages under £425 or £450 a pair to finish them ready for occupation, and if the labourer cannot pay more than the old rental of 2s. or 2s. 6d. a week the solution of the problem is hopeless. But cannot he pay more? Why is he always to be housed by charity? Why should all commercial principles in building houses be set aside in the country if they are not in town? The principle of charging nominal rents for cottages was part of the method of managing estates in the country where cottages were built to go with the farms, and the low rent was really an aid of low wages. Low wages no longer exist in most counties, so why should the cottager expect to get his cottage at a charity rent? Where wages have not gone up they ought to do so. Within my memory agricultural labourers' wages have risen from 9s. a week to 15s. and 17s. for the same work, and carters' from 12s. to 18s. and 20s., while food and clothing are both cheaper. If the labourer wishes to be housed comfortably, why should he not expect to pay more for his increased comfort and accommodation? Where cottages belong to the small tradesman I find the labourer has to pay, and does pay, a higher rent. I myself have had to pay as much as £100 a piece for small three-roomed cottages which I wished to improve—cottages which I am sure did not cost £50 to build, but which have been let regularly at 2s. 6d. a week. Where wages still remain at their old level, if such a county is to be found, the labourer must still be housed very badly or on the charity principles; but in many places the aggregate wages taken into a cottage on Saturday night are very considerable. Wherever the grown-up sons or daughters are living at home their joint wages amount to 40s. or 50s. a week. I know from experience that such people would much rather pay 5s. a week for a good roomy healthy cottage than 2s. 6d. for a bad and unhealthy one, and my experience teaches me that all labourers would prefer

to pay an improved rent for an improved cottage. A 4s. a week rental, which comes to £10 8s. a year, will not work out at more than 2½ per cent. or 3 per cent., after paying rates and taxes and repairs, on a cost of £225, but many a landowner would be content with that who could not afford to build cottages for a return of only 1½ per cent. Three shillings and sixpence a week for a cottage, if attached to a farm, does not give much return on its cost, but then it increases the value of the farm, and as these cottages would all fetch 7s. 6d. to 10s. a week if in a town, the agricultural labourer is better off than the man in town, whose extra wage does not compensate him for extra rent, etc.

To sum up, therefore, what has been too long a story already, it appears to me that the answer to this problem of how to improve the cottages of the labourer in the country, and to increase their number, is to be found in the payment of reasonable wages and a gradation in size and rental of cottage. The wages should be high enough to enable him to pay a rental that will give a moderate return on the outlay in building, and the gradation of sizes and rentals of cottages in every parish enables you to provide for the varying accommodation required by the labourer. An old couple, or those without children, do not want a roomy and more highly-rented cottage, while a five or six roomed cottage at 4s. or 5s. a week is a godsend to many a labouring family with a good wage list every week. Now that so much real interest has been taken in the matter by all classes in the country, I do hope, and believe, that country life will in the future provide the greatest amount of comfort and pleasure to the greatest number of our countrymen.

WILLIAM GRANTHAM.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FLYING FOXES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The enclosed photograph of flying foxes may interest those who read your pleasant article on "The Naming of Horses" a fortnight ago.—M. T.

VIPER AND YOUNG.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Upon September 13th the woodmen on the estate of Mr. William Huntington, Gomershow, Windermere, killed a viper about 18in. long. They were carrying the dead body of this snake upon a stick, when it was observed to move, as if something was alive inside it; it was immediately



cut open, and there fell out six young vipers, each about 6in. long. The dead body and the six living young ones were taken at once to Mr. Huntington, who questioned the men, and there is no doubt of the fact as stated. One of the young vipers is preserved. I shall be glad if you would make this public, in order that they who deny that the viper swallows her young may offer an explanation of how this undoubtedly authenticated case is to be explained.—M. L. PETERS.

GULLS FEEDING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—While watching the movements of some seagulls lately on the shores of the Moray Firth, some of which were swimming about, while others were wading in the shallow pools left by the receding tide, I noticed one of them going through what seemed to me a most unusual performance. This particular bird would enter a shallow pool and, taking its stand on one of the clusters of low-growing seaweed that was abundant in the locality, begin

beating the seaweed rapidly, using its feet alternately in doing so. The action was performed with considerable vigour, the rapid motion of the gull's feet causing its body to assume a trembling, or rather a quivering, appearance. After drumming the vegetation for a few seconds, the bird invariably lowered its head, as if searching for something that the motion had disturbed. Usually it seemed to be successful in dislodging some edible matter, as it kept pecking here and there for a time in a hurried sort of way. When it had exhausted the contents of one pool it moved on to another to repeat the operation. Viewed at a distance the action of the gull bore a resemblance to the behaviour of the domestic fowl when scratching in loose soil in search of food, only that the limbs of the former moved vertically and much more rapidly than those of the latter. The object was evidently the same, namely, to disturb and expose certain substances which were otherwise concealed. Later on I saw another member of the flock engaged in the same manner. Is this a common device on the part of the seagull?—X.

THE STORING OF NUTS AND WALNUTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can you or any of your readers tell me the best way to keep walnuts fresh for the winter and prevent their shrivelling up.—A. C. LAWSON.

[Pack them in biscuit tins or earthenware jars and bury them in earth.—ED.]

CHINESE METHODS OF FISHING AND SNARING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—We do not generally associate the "wily Chinese" with sport, but one of the pictures which I enclose would seem to show that Ah Sin, at least, knew how to get the fish out of the water—a matter, alas, not always accomplished by the European fisherman. The illustration is from a collection of travels, made by one "John Hamilton Moore, Author of the 'Practical Navigator,'

etc.," assisted, the title-page assures us, "by several Persons who have made the Subjects of Voyages and Travels their particular Study," and published in two stately folio volumes in 1778. The descriptions of China given in this work, from Jesuit and other sources, yield no passage explaining the two pictures, so, as regards the fishing scene, we can but surmise that some irresistible "ground bait" has been placed in the boats, which are evidently left at anchor: a bait so



CHINESE METHOD OF TAKING WILD DUCK.

irresistible that, as your readers will see, the fish are leaping at it out of the water. But how do the fish perceive the presence of the bait in the boat's bottom? Perhaps some correspondent can throw light on this Chinese way of catching fish, the success of which puts the mere night lines, "trots," and the like of the European angler to open shame. Equally successful appears the Chinese method of taking wild ducks, which forms another illustration to this same eighteenth century folio. Apparently the bird, attracted again by some form of floating bait, is induced to swim up to the seemingly harmless lobster-pot basket on the surface of the water. But the basket does but hide from the eyes of the wild duck the head and shoulders of the snarer, who stands in the water and catches the bird with his hand as it comes within reach. A cursory glance at various ancient reporters of "travellers' tales" affords no

analogy to either of these specimens of Chinese sporting ingenuity. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to explain the leaping fish, and to illustrate the method of duck-snaring, from some similar instances, ancient or modern?—G. M. G.

PREPARING A LAWN TENNIS GROUND.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Could you inform me how best to drain a piece of ground intended to be used for tennis and croquet? It has been levelled some years ago, but the excavated end is very wet. It is of large area, enough for three or four tennis courts, and a slight fall can be obtained. The subsoil is of blue clay, which seems absolutely impervious, and the pipes already laid down are perfectly useless. Is there any plan except that of removing the clay, the cost of which is prohibitive? Would it be any use to cut out strips of the clay, having alternate strips of clay and clay-free soil? I should be much obliged if you or your readers could assist me.—H. L. COWLARD, Madford, Launceston.

[The method of dealing with a case of this kind which our experience has shown to be the best is to intercept the water before it comes to the level ground at all, rather than to try to drain it off when there. It is almost certain that nearly all the water soaks out of the bank formed by the excavating, and if a sub-surface drain, made of 4in. agricultural drain-pipes (the smaller sizes have hardly enough carrying power) be run along in the angle formed by the bank with the flat, and a little below the level of the latter, it will catch a very large percentage of the water oozing from the bank which would otherwise flood the level ground. Of course this drain must run its water off to some lower level. Do not despair if no improvement is seen in the court just at first, for ground of this kind holds the water for a long time, and when it is in this sodden state the rain cannot get away. If you do the work this autumn you ought to see a marked improvement next spring, and the season after that the full effect of the drain should be felt. If, after all, there are still damp spots, a subsoil drain of, say, 3in. agricultural pipes might be run from them to any lower level, but we do not think they will be necessary. Still less do we think that you would arrive at the result wished by acting on your suggestion of making alternate strips of clay and loam.—ED.]

THE MOOT HALL, ALDBOROUGH.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Some of your readers who have followed the account of the Crabbe celebrations at Aldborough maybe interested to see a photograph of the Moot Hall, which was mentioned several times in connection with the occasion, and was the place selected to contain the exhibition of Crabbe portraits, engravings, and other relics gathered together. It is a sixteenth-century

building of great interest and beauty, the principal feature of it being its fine old woodwork. It stands now on the very edge of the sea, though time was when there were rows and rows of streets between it and the beach. Not far away is Dunwich, once a large town, now but a church and a few cottages; and on the other side of Southwold one farmhouse alone remain to mark the site of a once flourishing community. It is to be hoped that the Moot Hall at Aldborough will not suffer the fate of so many churches, monasteries, and fine buildings that are now of service only to the mermen and mermaids. —EAST ANGLE.



THE MOOT HALL, ALDBOROUGH.